The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

When should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them!

When the moon shines cold and pale;
When the birds are sleeping;
When no voice is on the gale;
When the rose is weeping!

When the stars are bright on high,
Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round, the light clouds fly,
Like fears, to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live
On the brow by star-light wreathing,
And the lips their richest incense give,
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.

Oh! softest is the cheek's love-ray,
When seen by moonlight hours;
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night's flowers.

Oh! when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight—
Then should ladies listen!

For the Constellation.

THE ABBEY OF MAUBUISSON.

[Translated from the French.]

A little before you arrive at the crooked and hilly city of Pontoise, on the road from Paris, you perceive on the right, the ruins of a once rich and celebrated abbey. It was the Abbey of Maubuisson, founded in 1246 by Queen Blanche mother of St. Louis, who wished to be buried there.

Revolutionary violence has ruined the ancient monastery, and dispersed to the winds, the ashes of the pious princess who erected it. During the last forty years changes have taken place in these scenes, in which, for the previous five centuries, time had seen no alteration. The noise and bustle of industry have succeeded to the peaceful silence of the convent; the park with its dark and melancholy trees has become a smiling orchard; in a word nothing now remains of the sacred edifice, but a broken arch where the chapel once stood; the lower part of the cloisters supported by elegant pillars, and the vaults in which the poor nuns reposed when they passed from one death to another.

I was at Maubuisson last year. One morning, as I happened to be present at the breakfast of the workmen, I chanced to enquire what day of the month it was.

"It is the thirteenth," answered one of them.

"The thirteenth?" replied the gardener's wife briskly; "then we shall soon see *the Lady*."

"What lady?" asked I.

"Ah! Sir, she is now very old. She comes here every year on this day in her carriage; she walks among the ruins, then she asks for a light and descends into the correction where she remains a considerable time. When she leaves she always gives us a louis d'or. But if she did not come this year, I should not be surprised, for the last time she was here she appeared to be quite unwell. François was obliged to help the servant to carry her to the ruins; and when she came back from the correction, she was quite ill indeed.

The *Correction* is a small vault three feet broad and somewhat higher than the common stature of women. Ten feet below the ground, neither air not light can penetrate to it. The descent to it was formerly from the very apartment of the abbess, by a narrow staircase, the remains of which are yet visible. There it was the nuns subjected to her despotic authority, expiated the henious crimes of having spoken to each other at meals; of not having risen at the first sound of the bell, or of any other infrigement of monastic rule supposed to be offensive in the eyes of St. Bernard whose devotees they professed to be.

I had paid very little attention to what the gardener's wife had said; but when I returned from my usual walk, a carriage rich with armorial bearings was standing before the door through which you now descend into the correction, when a lady dressed in the deepest mourning presented herself to my view. Her form was majestic, and her still noble features, appeared to have suffered, less from the ravages of time than from the canker of deep and silent affliction.—As she evidently was very weak I offered her my arm; a moment after, she fainted, and I had considerable difficulty in getting her back to the house. When she had recovered her senses, I insisted upon her passing the rest of the day and the night at Maubuisson; she at last consented.

The next day, walking with her in the orchard, "Sir," said she, "I thank you for all your attentions: what can I possibly do to show my gratitude?"

"I could mention a return Madam, but fear to be indiscreet."

"Indiscreet, Sir? doubtless you are curious to know the motive that brings me here—it is a story that my children alone know, and I do not love to relate it; but you have been so kind to me, that it is impossible to refuse.

"I was born at Beauvais in 1770: my mother died in giving me birth; my father who was of a good family, married again, shortly after her death. My mother-in-law at first took considerable notice of me, but afterwards when she had children of her own, she divided her whole time betwixt them and her pleasures.

"I was eight years old when my father was named guardian to one his nephews, who in the course of a few months had lost his father and mother. My cousin came to live with us. The similarity of our tastes, a melancholy common to us both, and an indistinct consciousness of abandonment by the world, had soon united us by the warm friendship of youth. We spent in each other's society all the time not devoted to study. This innocent attachment gave no umbrage to our relations even when the sentiment might have changed to one of a warmer nature. They had agreed that we should soon be separated, and *that* forever.

"My cousin in reality was just entering his eighteenth year, when my father announced to him, that he had obtained for him a commission in a regiment, about to embark for the Indies, and that he must set off on the morrow. My cousin hastened to tell me the fatal news. After an abundance of tears, he kissed me, and made me swear upon my prayer book, that I would marry no other but him, at least untill his return. I took the oath, the next day he was gone.

"My turn came next. My mother-in-law, contrary to her usual custom, came to my room one morning; she spoke at great length of my father's very moderate fortune and of the expenses of his family; told me that having no portion to give me the profession of nun was the only one that suited my birth: that she was acquainted with the Abbess of Maubuisson, that I should be kindly received by her, and in short, that it was my father's command. To this argument I had no reply and a fortnight after I was at the Abbey of Maubuisson.

"It was at that time a custom in all convents to attach to a young girl during her noviciate a nun to take especial charge of her. She was to be a friend, an inseparable companion, one who was directed to draw an alluring picture of the sweets of a monastic life, and to conceal its harsh and repulsive austerities. The friend, the companion selected for me was called in religion Sister Rose of Pity. No one (and that too without wishing it,) was more fitted for the task than she. In her, every thing appertaining to religion appeared seducing. Charming girl! as long as this heart beats it cannot cease to love thee! Born of an illustrious family, poverty like the commands of my father, had compelled her to assume the veil, but the docility of her character had soon made its duties pleasant to her. Her angelic countenance, her beautiful blue eyes, the cheerful serenity of her deportment, even the melodious accents of her voice accorded with her tender and ingenuous soul. However strongly you might detest a convent the one in which you lived with her could not fail to be agreeable.

"She soon possessed my entire affection and confidence, and gave me her friendship in return: we became inseparable. When apart from her, I thought of my cousin, but what had become of him? should I ever see him again? then my father's will formed an insurmountable barrier betwixt him and me. Thus it was that I saw with regret but without alarm, the period approach in which I was to pronounce my vows: it was to be in three months.

"One evening, in the month of June, entering my cell, I found a letter on my bed. I hesitated whether or not to carry it to the superior; but when I saw the address, all hesitation was over; I had recognized my cousin's writing. He informed me he had returned to France, to receive a considerable fortune left him by an uncle; that on his arrival at Beauvais, he had learned the fate preparing for me, that his despair was unutterable. At the same time he bade me recollect my oaths, and begged me not to abandon him. He had arranged every thing. He had by dint of money gained over some persons in the house. If on the Thursday following I would only be at the tower which you may see from this spot, it was all he asked, we would quit France together. If I would not consent he had determined upon suicide.

"This threat is always full of terror for a young female; it was still more so to me, who knew my cousin's character. Never did any one under a calm and quiet exterior conceal more violent passions.—Irresolute in trifles, he was of an inflexible determination on great occasions. Had he resolved on self-destruction, he would have accomplished it as an ordinary affair, and death at the appointed hour would have found him punctual to the rendezvous.

"This letter threw me into inconceivable confusion; I passed a terrible night, a prey to burning fever. At the same time my heart had revealed all its secrets to me. It was no longer the affection of a sister I experienced, but love, love of the warmest kind. I cursed the cloister and the barbarity of my father; willingly would I have dashed out my brains against the bars of my window.

"Rose the next day saw my agitation, and asked the reason of it. I shewed her my cousin's letter, which she tore to pieces, that no one might be compromised by it; then she urged upon me the precepts of religion, my father's grief, the dangers I ran in following to a distant country a man who was not my husband. I answered I was determined not to take the veil, that I was sacrificed, that I loved my cousin, that he would kill himself, that I should lose my senses, or rather die of grief. We then kneeled in prayer, and wept bitterly.

"Three days passed in this manner; on the fourth Rose came to me with a more tranquil air. 'My poor friend,' said she, 'I see that the commands of religion and my advice are powerless. But I have thought of something that may perhaps reconcile your love with the duty you owe to God. You must pretend to be unwell; and not eat in the refectory; the Superior will send for me, and ask what the matter is with you; I will answer that it is a mere trifle, and that all you want is exercise. She will then give me the key of the park as she always does when any of the sisters are sick. The day on which your cousin has given you the meeting, we will go up into the tower, the door of which is never locked; you will speak to him through the grate of the little window; you will tell him you have not pronounced your vows, and even if it must be so, that you will not pronounce them; that he must address himself to your father, and since your cousin is rich, he will marry you. Doubtless,' added she, embracing me, 'you will leave me, but happy and without disobeying God; that at least will be some consolation for me.' This was the plan her youthful wisdom devised, and which my love adopted.

"As Rose had planned it, I feigned sickness. The Abbess gave us the key of the park, we went there every evening. When the fatal day came you may judge of our emotions. Rose, however, retained some courage, as for me, I was more dead than alive. Arriving at the tower, to our surprise, we found the door locked, but a long ladder leaned against the wall close by. We knew not what to do, when my cousin made his appearance from the other side of the wall; he prepared to come down to us, when we threw ourselves on our knees, and begged him not to do so, saying he would ruin both himself and us. He desisted on condition I would mount the ladder. Trembling, I obeyed, but scarcely was I within reach, than he seized me by the arm; his valet de chambre at the same time assisting him, they carried me off speechless with fear, and perhaps other feelings; three days after, we were in Holland, and a married couple. Happiness attended us: but amidst the first joys of our union, a bitter reflection marred all my happiness. Rose's fate must indeed be dreadful, were she looked upon as the accomplice of our flight! one day I received a letter from her. Here is a copy of it. Read it to me; although I know it by heart, I still love to listen to it."

(*Conclusion in our next.*)

EXPEDITIOUS MARRYING.—A young couple went not long since into the study of a late Judge of our Supreme Court who by virtue of a commission as Justice of the Peace, was authorized to solemnize marriages, and desired him to marry them. "Very well," said his honor, whom they found writing, "pass me your certificate and you may go." The man handed a certificate that the banns had been published, but remained. The judge continued his employment, until the impatient bridegroom again announced the intention of his visit. "Very well," said the judge, and pursued his task. After some further delay the neglected applicants again reminded his honor of their desire to be married. "Why go home," said the magistrate, "you have been married this half hour." And it was true. The law only requires an acknowledgement of intention before a Justice of the Peace, and a recognition of that intention by the justice in his official capacity. There is no form of words necessary to the purpose, nor any ceremony, other than a simple declaration which the Judge did not permit for a moment to disturb his meditation.—*Ohio Republican.*

FAIR WARNING.—A late Boston paper contains the following notice:

To the Public.—I, ASA GAGE, a member of the Boston Troop of Light Dragoons, will, hereafter, when on guard duty, in my military capacity, disfigure, dismember, maim, wound, beat and bruise, any person or persons, who shall come within my limits, with insult to me or any of the comyany of which I am a member; and any person or persons who shall intrude on such ground, and shall, after being requested to retire, neglect or refuse to do so, I will treat him in the manner aforesaid; and will farther, if necessary, in compelling them to comply with such requisition, shoot pistol charges at and into them, not aiming at their vital parts, but at their extremities;—and I am to be seen or spoken to on this subject, or any other, at No. 444 Washington-street, Boston.

BEE TRADE.—We find in a Quebec paper the following account of a novelty: "A new instance of American enterprise and industry occurred here this week. A Mr. Baird, of the state of Maine, who has a patent for bee-hives and who keeps a great number of bees, and of course trades in them, arrived in Quebec with hives, which he sold to the amount of between 2 and 300 dollars, cash. He had brought some during the winter, in his boxes of hives, in a torpid state, and found a good sale; but it seemed more difficult to remove them in the summer season,—their busy and active period. Mr. Baird, however, travelled only during the night, and set his bees out during the day to feed and continue their work, which they did with their usual activity and regularity. He was about twelve nights on the journey, by the Kennebeck road, and brought the whole of his hives to Quebec in good condition without loss.

LONG PARSNIPS.—"In Missouri," said a traveller on his return to the land of steady habits, "they have no parsnips; they frequently plant them, but they strike so deep, that the people who live on the opposite side of the globe, lay hold of the roots and pull them through so that the crop is lost."—*Bost. Morn. Post.*

A VOYAGE TO THE TROPICS.

Quoting again from the narrative of Peter Simple, we present first his account of a voyage from England to Barbados, with such alterations as adapt it to our purpose.

* * * * "Our sealed orders were opened, and proved our destination to be the West Indies, as we expected. We touched at Madeira to take in some wine for the ship's company; but as we only remained one day, we were not permitted to go on shore. Fortunate indeed would it have been if we had never gone there; for the day after, our Captain, who had dined with the Consul, was taken alarmingly ill. From the symptoms the surgeon dreaded that he had been poisoned by something which he had eaten, and which most probably had been cooked in a copper vessel not properly tinned. We were all very anxious that he should recover; but, on the contrary, he appeared to grow worse and worse every day, wasting away, and dying, as they say, by inches. At last he was put in his cot, and never rose from it again. This melancholy circumstance, added to the knowledge that we were proceeding to an unhealthy climate, caused a gloom throughout the ship; and although the trade wind carried us along, bounding over the bright blue sea—although the weather was now warm, yet not too warm—although the sun rose in splendour, and all was beautiful and cheering, the state of the captain's health was a check to all mirth. Every one trod the deck softly, and spoke in a low voice, that he might not be disturbed; all were anxious to have the morning report of the surgeon, and our conversation was generally upon the sickly climate, the yellow fever, the pallisades where they buried us, and death. Swinburne, the quarter-master, was in my watch, and as he had been long in the West Indies, I used to obtain all the information from him that I could.

The old fellow had a secret pleasure in frightening me as much as he could. "Really Mr. Simple, you ax so many questions," he would say, as I accosted him while he was at his station at the *conn*, "I wish you wouldn't ax so many questions, and make yourself uncomfortable—'steady so'—steady it is.' with regard to Yellow Jack as we calls the yellow fever, it's a devil incarnate, that's sartin—you're well and able to take your allowance in the morning, and dead as a herring 'fore night."

Such yarns were told to me and the other midshipmen during the night watch, that I can assure the reader they gave us no small alarm. Every day that we worked our day's work, and found ourselves so much nearer to the islands, did we feel as if we were so much nearer to our graves. I once spoke to O'Brien about it, and he laughed. "Peter," says he, "fear kills more people than the yellow fever, or any other complaints in the West Indies. Swinburne is an old rogue, and only laughing at you." We were now fast nearing the island of Barbados, the weather was beautiful, the wind always fair; the flying fish rose in shoals, by the foaming seas, which rolled away, and roared from the bows as our swift frigate cleaved through the water; the porpoises played about us in thousands—the bonetas and dolphins at one time chased the flying fish, and at others appeared to be delighted in keeping company with the rapid vessel.—Every thing was beautiful, and we all should have been happy, had it not been from the state of Captain Savage in the first place, who daily became worse and worse, and from the dread of the place which we were about to enter through such a watery paradise. Mr. Falcon, who was in command, was grave and thoughtful; he appeared indeed to be quite miserable at the chances which would ensure his own promotion. In every attention, and every care that could be taken to ensure quiet and afford relief to the captain, he was unremitting: the offence of making a noise, was now, with him, a greater crime than drunkenness, or even mutiny. When within three days' sail of Barbados, it fell almost calm, and the captain became much worse; and now for the first time did we behold the great white shark of the Atlantic. There are several kinds of sharks, but the most dangerous are the white shark and the ground shark. The former grows to an enormous length, the latter is seldom very long, not more than twelve feet, but spreads to a great breadth. We could not hook the sharks as they played around us, for Mr. Falcon would not permit it lest the noise of hauling them on board should disturb the captain. A breeze again sprung up. In two days we were close to the island, and the men were desired to look out for land. The next morning, having hove-to part of the night, land was discovered on the bow, and was reported by the mast-head man at the same moment that the surgeon came up and announced the death of our noble captain. Although it had been expected for the last two or three days, the intelligence created a gloom throughout the ship; the men worked in silence, and spoke to one another in whispers. Mr. Falcon was deeply affected and so were we all. In the course of the morning, we ran into the island, and unhappy as I was, I never can forget the sensation of admiration which I felt on closing with Needham Point to enter Carlisle Bay. The beach of such a pure dazzling white, backed by the tall green cocoa-nut trees waving their spreading heads to the fresh breeze, the dark blue of the sky, and the deeper blue of the transparent sea, occasionally varied into green as we passed by the coral rocks which threw their branches out from the bottom—the town opening to our view by degrees, houses after houses so neat, with their green jalousies dotting the landscapes, the fort with the colours flying, troops of officers riding down, a long population of all colours, relieved by the whiteness of their dress. Altogether the scene realized my first ideas of fairy land, for I thought I had never witnessed any thing so beautiful. "And can this be such a dreadful place as it is described?" thought I. The sails were clewed up, the anchor was dropped to the bottom, and a salute from the ship, answered by that of the forts, added to the effect of the scene. The sails were furled, the boats lowered down, the boatswain squared the yards from the jolly boat a-head. Mr. Falcon dressed, and his boat being manned, went on shore with the dispatches. Then as the work was over, a new scene of delight presented itself to the sight of midshipmen who had been so long upon his majesty's allowance. These were the boats which crowded round the ship, loaded with baskets of bananas, oranges, shaddocks, soursops, and every kind of tropical fruit, fried flying fish, eggs, fowls, milk, and every thing which could tempt a poor boy after a long sea voyage. The watch being called, down we all hastened into the boats, and returned loaded with treasures, which we soon contrived to make disappear. After stowing away as much fruit as would have sufficed for a dessert to a dinner given to twenty people in England, I returned on deck.

There was no other man-of-war in the bay; but my attention was directed to a beautiful little vessel, a schooner, whose fairy form contrasted strongly with a West India trader which lay close to her. All of a sudden, as I was looking at her beautiful outline, a yell rose from her which quite startled me, and immediately afterwards her deck was covered with nearly two hundred naked figures with woolly heads, chattering and grinning at each other. She was a Spanish slaver, which had been captured, and had arrived the evening before. The slaves were still on board waiting the orders of the governor. They had been on deck about ten minutes, when three or four men with large panama straw hats on their head, and long rattans in their hands, jumped upon the gunnel, and in a few seconds drove them all down below. I then turned round, and observed a black woman who had just climbed up the side of the frigate. O'Brien was on deck, and she walked up to him in a most consequential manner.

"How do you do, sar? Very happy you com back again," said she to O'Brien.

"I'm very well, I thank you, ma'am," replied O'Brien, "and I hope to go back the same; but never having put my foot into this bay before, you have the advantage of me."

"Nebber here before, me tink I know you—me tink I recollect your handsome face—I Lady Rodney, sar. Ah, piccaniny buccra! how you do?" said she, turning to me. "Me hope to hab the honour to wash for you, sar," curtsying to O Brien.

"What do you charge in this place?"

"All the same price, one bit a piece."

"What do you call a bit?" inquired I.

"A bit, lilly massa?—who you call um *bit?* Dem four *sharp shine* to a pictareen."

Our deck was now enlivened by several army officers, besides several gentlemen residents, who came off to hear the news. Invitations to the mess, and to the houses of the gentlemen followed; and as they departed Mr. Falcon returned on board. He told O'Brien and the other officers, that the admiral and squadron were expected in a few days, and that we were to remain in Carlisle bay and refit immediately.

THE SEAMAN'S FUNERAL.

But although the fright about the yellow fever had considerably subsided in our breasts, the remembrance that our poor captain was lying dead in the cabin was constantly obtruding. All that night the carpenters were up making his coffin, for he was to be buried the next day. The body is never allowed to remain many hours unburied in the tropical climates, where putrefaction is so rapid. The following morning the men were up at day light, washing the decks and putting the ship in order: they worked willingly, and yet with a silent decorum, which showed what their feelings were. Never were the decks better cleaned, never were the ropes more carefully *flemished* down; the hammocks were stowed in their white cloths, the yards carefully squared, and the ropes hauled taught. At eight o'clock the colours and pennant were hoisted half-mast high. The men were then ordered down to breakfast, and to clean themselves. During the time the men were at breakfast, all the officers went into the cabin to take a last farewell look at our gallant captain. He appeared to have died without pain, and there was a beautiful tranquility in his face; but even a change had already taken place, and we perceived the necessity of his being buried so soon. We saw him placed in his coffin, and then quitted the cabin without speaking to each other. When the coffin was nailed down, it was brought up by the barge's crew to the quarter-deck, and laid upon the gratings amidships, covered over with the Union Jack. The men came up from below without waiting for the pipe, and a solemnity appeared to pervade every motion. Order and quiet was universal, out of respect to the deceased. When the boats were ordered to be manned, the men almost appeared to steal into them. The barge received the coffin, which was placed in the stern sheets. The other boats then hauled up, and received the officers, marines, and sailors, who were to follow the procession. When all was ready, the barge was shoved off by the bowmen, the crew dropped their oars into the water without a splash, and pulled the *minute stroke;* the other boats followed, and as soon as they were clear of the ship, the minute guns boomed along the smooth surface of the bay from the opposite side of the ship, while the yards were topped to starboard and to port, the ropes were slackened and hung in bights, so as to give the idea of distress and neglect. At the same time, a dozen or more of the men who had been ready, dropped over the sides of the ship in different parts, and with their cans of paint and brushes in a few minutes effaced the whole of the broad white riband which marked the beautiful run of the frigate, and left her all black and in deep mourning. The guns from the forts now responded to our own. The merchant ships lowered their colours, and the men stood up respectfully with their hats off, as the procession moved slowly to the landing-place. The coffin was borne to the burial-ground by the crew of the barge, followed by Mr. Falcon the chief mourner, all the officers of the ship which could be spared, one hundred of the seamen walking two and two, and the marines with their arms reversed. The *cortege* was joined by the army officers, while the troops lined the streets and the bands played the dead march. The service was read, the vollies were fired over the grave, and with oppressed feelings we returned to the boats, and pulled on board.

It then appeared to me, and to a certain degree I was correct, that as soon as we had paid our last respect to his remains, we had also forgot our grief. The yards were again squared, the ropes hauled straight, working dresses resumed, and all was activity and bustle. The fact is, that sailors and soldiers have no time for lamentation, and running as they do from clime to clime, so does scene follow scene in the same variety and quickness. In a day or two the captain appeared to be, although he was not, forgotten.

SHORE SCENES.

Our first business was to *water* the ship by rafting and towing off the casks. I was in charge of the boat again, with Swinburne as coxswain. As we pulled in, there was a number of negroes bathing in the surf, bobbing their woolly heads under it, as it rolled into the beach. 'Now, Mr. Simple,' said Swinburne, 'see how I'll make them *niggers* scamper.' He then stood up in the stern sheets, and pointing with his finger, roared out, 'A shark! a shark!' Away started all the bathers for the beach, puffing and blowing, from their dreaded enemy; nor did they stop to look for him until they were high and dry out of his reach.—Then, when we all laughed, they called us '*all the hangman teefs*,' and every other opprobrious name which they could select from their vocabulary. I was very much amused with this scene, and as much afterwards with the negroes who crowded round us when we landed. They appeared such merry fellows, always laughing, chattering, singing, and showing their white teeth. One fellow danced round us, snapping his fingers, and singing songs without beginning or end. 'Eh! massa, what you say now? Me no slave—true Barbadian born, sir. Eh!

"Nebbin see de day
Dat Rodney run away,
Nebbin see um night
Dat Rodney cannot fight.

'Massa, me free man, sar. Suppose you give me pictareen, drink massa health.

"Nebbin see the day, boy,
Pompey lickum de Cæsar.

'Eh! and you nebba see de day dat de Grasshopper he run on de Warrington.'

'Out of the way, you nigger,' cried one of the men who was rolling down a cask.

'Eh! who you call nigger? Me free man, and true Barbadian born. Go along you man-of-war man.

"Man-of-war, buccra,
Man-of-war, buccra,
He de boy for me;
Soldger buccra,
Soldger buccra,
Nebbin, nebbin,
Nebbin, nebbin do for me;
Soldger give me one shilling,
Sailor give me two.

'Massa, now suppose you give me only one pictareen now. You really handsome young gentleman.'

'Now, just walk off,' said Swinburne, lifting up a stick he found on the beach.

'Eh! walk off.

"Nebbin see the day, boy,
Barbian run away, boy.

'Go do your work, sar. Why you talk to me? Go work, sar. I free man, and real Barbadian born.'

"Negro on de shore
See de ship come in,
De officers come on shore,
Wid de hand up to the chin;
Man-of-war, buccra,
Man-of-war, buccra,
He de boy for me,
Man-of-war, buccra,
Gib pictareen to me."

At this moment my attention was directed to another negro, who lay on the beach rolling and foaming at the mouth, apparently in a fit. 'What's the matter with that fellow?' said I to the same negro who continued close to me, notwithstanding Swinburne's stick. 'Eh! call him Sam Slask, massa. He ab um *tie tie* fit.' And such was apparently the case. 'Stop, me cure him;' and he snatched the stick out of Swinburne's hand, and running up to the man, who continued to roll on the beach, commenced belabouring him without mercy. 'Eh, Sambo!' cried he at last, quite out of breath, 'you no better yet—try again.' He recommenced, until at last the man got up and ran away as fast as he could. Now, [illegible] the man was shamming, or whether it was re[illegible] or epileptic fit, I know not; but I never heard a cure for it before. I threw the fellow half [illegible]reen, as much for the amusement he had affo[illegible] as to get rid of him. 'Tanka, massy, now mar[illegible] man, here de tick for you again to keep off all de dam niggers.' So saying, he handed the stick to Swinburne, made a polite bow, and departed. We were, however, soon surrounded by others, particularly some dingy ladies with baskets of fruit, and who, as they said, 'sell ebery ting.' I perceived that my sailors were very fond of cocoa-nut milk, which being a harmless beverage, I did not object to their purchasing from these ladies, who had chiefly cocoa nuts in their baskets. As I had never tasted it, I asked them what it was, and bought a cocoa-nut. I selected the largest. 'No, massa, dat not good for you. Better one for buccra officer.' I then selected another, but the same objection was made. 'No, massa, dis very fine milk. Very good for de tomac.' I drank off the milk from the holes on the top of the cocoa-nut, and found it very refreshing. As for the sailors, they appeared very fond of it indeed. But I very soon found that if good for de tomac, it was not very good for the head, as my men, instead of rolling the casks, began to roll themselves in all directions, and when it was time to go off to dinner, most of them were dead drunk at the bottom of the boat. They insisted that it was the *sun* which affected them. Very hot it certainly was, and I believed them at first when they were only giddy; but I was convinced to the contrary when I found that they became insensible; yet how they had procured the liquor was to me a mystery. When I came on board, Mr. Falcon, who, although acting captain, continued his duties as first lieutenant almost as punctually as before, asked how it was that I had allowed my men to get so tipsy. I assured him that I could not tell, that I had never allowed one to leave the watering place, or to buy any liquor: the only thing that they had to drink was a little cocoa-nut milk, which, as it was so very hot, I thought there could be no objection to. Mr. Falcon smiled and said, 'Mr. Simple, I am an old stager in the W. Indies, and I'll let you into a secret. Do you know what '*sucking the monkey*' means?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you; it is a term used among seamen for drinking *rum* out of *cocoa-nuts*, the milk having been poured out, and the liquor substituted. Now, do you comprehend why your men are tipsy?' I stared with all my eyes, for it never would have entered into my head; and I then perceived why it was that the black woman would not give me the first cocoa-nuts which I selected. I told Mr. Falcon of this circumstance, who replied, 'Well, it was not your fault, only you must not forget it another time.'

It was my first watch that night, and Swinburne was quarter-master on deck. 'Swinburne,' said I, 'you have often been in the West Indies before, why did you not tell me that the men were '*sucking the monkey*,' when I thought that they were only drinking cocoa-nut milk?'

Swinburne chuckled, and answered, 'Why, Mr. Simple, d'ye see, it didn't become me as a shipmate to peach. It's but seldom that a poor fellow has an opportunity of making himself a 'little happy,' and it would not be fair to take away the chance. I suppose you'll never let them have cocoa-nut milk again?'

'No, that I will not; but I cannot imagine what pleasure they can find in getting so tipsy.'

'It's merely because they are not allowed to be so, sir. That's the whole story in a few words.'

'Well, I think I could cure them, if I were permitted to try.'

'I should like to hear how you'd manage that, Mr. Simple.'

'Why, I would oblige a man to drink off half a pint of liquor, and then put him by himself. I would not allow him companions to make merry with, so as to make a pleasure of intoxication. I would then wait until next morning when he was sober, and leave him alone with a racking headache until the evening, when I would give him another dose, and so on, forcing him to get drunk until he hated the smell of liquor.'

'Well, Mr. Simple, it might do with some, but many of our chaps would require the dose you mention to be repeated pretty often before it would effect a cure; and what's more, they'd be very willing patients, and make no wry faces at their physic.'

'Well, that might be, but it would cure them at last. But tell me, Swinburne, were you ever in a hurricane?'

'I've been in every thing, Mr. Simple, I believe, except a school, and I never had time to go there. Do you see that battery at Needham Point? Well, in the hurricane of '82, them same guns were whirled away by the wind right over to this point here on the opposite side, the sentries in their sentry-boxes after them. Some of the soldiers who faced the wind had their teeth blown down their throats like broken 'baccy pipes, others had their heads turned round like dog vanes, 'cause they waited for orders to the '*right about face*,' and the whole air was full of young *niggers* blowing about like peelings of *ingins*.'

'You don't suppose I believe all this, Swinburne.'

'That's as may be, Mr. Simple, but I've told the story so often, that I believe it myself.'

'What ship were you in?'

'In the Blanche, Captain Faulkner, who was as fine a fellow as poor Captain Savage, who we buried yesterday; there could not be a finer than either of them. I was at the taking of the Pique, and carried him down below after he had received his mortal wound. We did a pretty thing out here when we [illegible]ook Fort Royal by a coup-de-*main*, [illegible]ns, [illegible]arding from the *main*-yard of the fri[illegible] op[illegible]ing from it into the fort. But what's [illegible] the [illegible]oon?—there's a sail in the offing.'

Swinburne fetched the glass and di[illegible] the [illegible]pot. 'One, two, three, four. It's t[illegible] sir,

and the squadron hove-to for the night. One's a line of battle ship, I'll swear.' I examined the vessels, and agreeing with Swinburne, reported them to Mr. Falcon. My watch was then over, and as soon as I was released I went to my hammock.

A NEW COMMANDER.

The next morning, at daylight, we exchanged numbers, and saluted the flag, and by eight o'clock they all anchored. Mr. Falcon went on board the admiral's ship with despatches, and to report the death of Captain Savage. In about an hour he returned, and we were glad to perceive, with a smile upon his face, from which we argued that he would receive his acting order as commander, which was a question of some doubt, as the admiral had the power to give the vacancy to whom he pleased, although it would not have been fair if he had not given it to Mr. Falcon; not that Mr. Falcon would not have received his commission, as Captain Savage dying when the ship was under no admiral's command, he *made himself;* but still the admiral might have sent him home, and not have given him a ship. But this he did, the captain of the Minerve being appointed to the Sanglier, the captain of the Opossum to the Minerve, and Captain Falcon taking the command of the Opossum. He received his commission that evening, and the next day the exchanges were made. Captain Falcon would have taken me with him, and offered so to do; but I could not leave O'Brien, so I preferred remaining in the Sanglier.

We were all anxious to know what sort of a person our new captain was, whose nume was Kearney; but we had no time to ask the midshipmen, except when they came in charge of the boats which brought his luggage: they replied generally, that he was a very good sort of fellow, and there was no harm in him. But when I had the night-watch with Swinburne, he came up to me, and said, 'Well, Mr. Simple, so we have a new captain. I sailed with him for two years in a brig.'

'And pray, Swinburne, what sort of a person is he?'

'Why, I'll tell you, Mr. Simple: he's a good-tempered, kind fellow enough, but——'

'But what?'

'Such a *bouncer!*'

'How do you mean? He's not a very stout man.'

'Bless you, Mr. Simple, why you don't understand English. I mean that he's the greatest liar that ever walked a deck. Now, you know, Mr. Simple, *I* can spin a yarn occasionally.'

'Yes, that you can; witness the hurricane the other night.'

'Well, Mr. Simple, I cannot *hold a candle* to him. It a'n't that I might stretch now and then just for fun as far as he can, but —— it, he's always on the stretch. In fact, Mr. Simple, he never tells the truth except *by mistake.* He's as poor as a rat, and has nothing but his pay; yet, to believe him, he is worth at least as much as Greenwich Hospital. But you'll soon find him out, and he'll sarve to laugh at behind his back, you know, Mr. Simple, for that's *no go* before his face.'

Captain Kearney made his appearance on board the next day. The men were mustered to receive him, and all the officers were on the quarter-deck. 'You've a fine set of marines here, Captain Falcon,' he observed; 'those I left on board of the Minerve were only fit to be *hung:* and you've a good show of reefers too; those I left in the Minerve *were not worth hanging.* If you please, I'll read my commission, if you'll order the men aft.' His commission was read, all hands with their hats off, from respect to the authority from which it proceeded. 'Now, my lads,' said Captain Kearney, addressing the ship's company, 'I've but few words to say to you. I am appointed to command this ship, and you appear to have a very good character from your late first lieutenant. All I request of you is this: Be smart, keep sober, and always *tell the truth*—that's enough. Pipe down. Gentlemen,' he continued, addressing the officers, 'I trust that we shall be good friends; and I see no reason that it should be otherwise.' He then turned away with a bow, and called his coxswain. 'Williams, you'll go on board, and tell my steward that I have promised to dine with the governor today, and that he must come to dress me: and, coxswain, recollect to put the skeepskin mat on the stern gratings of my gig—not the one I used to have when I was on shore in my *carriage,* but the blue one which was used for the *chariot*—you know which I mean.' I happened to look Swinburne in the face, who cocked his eye at me, as much as to say—'There he goes.' We afterwards met the officers of the Minerve, who corroborated all that Swinburne had said, although it was quite unnecessary, as we had the captain's own words every minute to satisfy us of the fact."

THE LIBERIAN COLONY.

The purposes and progress of the American Colonization Society, are objects of much just attention in the United States. We have at various times adverted to measures for advancing its interests and promoting its success, but have never presented any account of the actual condition of the Colony. To supply this deficiency, we make some extracts from a report lately made to the Augusta (Ga.) Auxiliary Colonization Society, by Mr. Thomas Hobby, who has visited the Colony under their direction. It appears in the North American Gazette.

"With regard to the local situation of the colony, I may say briefly, that a line commencing at Cape Mount, on the west coast of Africa, in lat. 6° 46° N. lon. 11° 10° W. and running down that coast to the St. John's River, in lat. 5° 55°, long. 9° 40°, and extending thence into the interior for several hundred miles, would, if we include a small tract of country lying half way between Monrovia, and Grand Bassa, and occupying about fifteen miles of sea-board, together with the lands lying on both sides of the St. Paul's River, and extending indefinitely into the interior, enclose all that territory classed under the general name of Liberia.

Within the limits of this territory, most judiciously selected, (as will be admitted by all who are conversant with the geography of the coast,) five settlements have been formed, viz: Monrovia, the seat of government situated on Cape Mesurado, in lat. 6° 19° N. lon. 16° 40° W.; Caldwell, situated on the St. Paul's three miles from its mouth, at its junction with Stockton Creek and seven miles N. E. from Monrovia; Millsburg on the south bank of the St. Paul's, about twenty miles from its mouth, and distant twenty-five miles N.E. by E. from Monrovia; New Georgia, the most flourishing settlement in the colony, (peopled entirely by recaptured Africans,) situated on the east bank of Stockton Creek, at equal distances from Caldwell and Monrovia; and the newly required territory of Grand Bassa, lying on the south bank of the St. John's River. Having described as accurately as I can, the geographical situation of the several settlements, I proceed to state a few facts, relating to the colony in general, but entirely unconnected with each other. The state of health among the settlers, particularly the old residents in the colony, is generally good; the number of deaths among them, being less in proportion to the population, than in many places in the United States. The soil in every settlement except Monrovia, is remarkably fertile, and will produce with industry and proper cultivation, all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. Indeed nature *does too much;* for as a precarious and miserable subsistence may be obtained even from the spontaneous productions of the soil, it tends to cherish that invincible indolence, which unfortunately is but too characteristic of most of the emigrants. This must have been obvious to all who have visited Liberia, and given even the slightest attention to the present condition and prospects of that colony. It would not, however, be difficult to point out a way in which this could be immediately and easily remedied, and its agricultural interests greatly promoted.

There are in the whole colony about—
1000 females, (grown persons.)
900 males, do.
and 600 children.

Making in all 2500 inhabitants.

The military are tolerably well disciplined, excepting the militia, and these are like others of the same class. The musket is generally used. There are a few field pieces, and other large guns; but these are in a most deplorable state, many of them having been so long neglected, that they are now totally unfit for use.—This fact alone, proves conclusively, that these colonists enjoy at least two of the greatest earthly blessings, security and peace! The laws of the colony are universally respected, and unhesitatingly obeyed.—Punishment inevitably follows the commission of crime. Slight sectional jealousies, chiefly fostered at home, exist among the Marylanders, and settlers emigrating from States south of the Potomac, but they are seldom productive of much evil. All taxes are laid by the American Colonization Society in this country, and are imposed only on a few articles, as rum, powder, tobacco, &c. and are *uniform* throughout the colony. The food of the inhabitants consists principally of live stock of every description, brought principally from the leeward coast, where they may be found in the greatest abundance. There are in Monrovia 105 houses, public buildings &c. not included. Of these there are—

In Monrovia, 3 Churches, (1 Method. 2 Bap.)
" 6 Houses for Public Stores, &c.
" 1 Agency House,
" and 2 Public Offices.
In Caldwell, 4 Large Receptacles,
" 1 Agency House,
" 1 Store House,
" and 2 Churches, (1 Method. 1 Bap.)
In Millsburg, 2 Small Receptacles,
" and 1 Church, (Methodist.)
In N.Georgia, 2 Churches, (1 Methodist, 1 Bap.)
Making in all 25 Public Buildings in the whole colony.

The Commerce of Liberia is now in a comparatively flourishing condition and rapidly increasing. In 1831, 32 American,
25 English,
and 2 French vessels;
Making in all 59 vessels visited the Port of Monrovia.

The amount of Exports in 1831, was—
$125,549 16 cents.

And the whole amount of produce and merchandize left on hand, Jan. 1, 1832, was— $47,400.

The articles of export consist principally of cam wood, palm oil, ivory, tortoise shell, and a small quantity of native gold, procured from the inhabitants of the interior, and at various places on the leeward coast. The trade with the interior is daily becoming more important, by means of the constantly increasing communication with the Mandingoes and people of Condo, and inhabitants of countries beyond the boundaries of Foota Jalou; a territory distant about two hundred miles N. E. from the English colony of Sierra Leone. In Liberia, bartering goods for produce is the common mode of transacting business. The profits are from 50 to 75 and 100 per cent. The articles of commerce are principally cotton cloths, trade muskets, gun flints, powder, iron bars, crockery ware of every description, beads of various kinds, iron pots, tobacco, rum, pipes, razors, Dutch looking glasses, long knives, padlocks, brass pans and kettles, scarlet cloth, common decanters and tumblers, umbrellas; common hats, &c. &c. &c. The state of education in Liberia, is gradually improving; and when the infancy of the colony, the many peculiar and great difficulties attendant on the establishment of good schools, and innumerable other retarding causes, are taken into consideration, all candid persons will acknowledge, that education there has advanced far more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. A table compiled from the most authentic sources of information, and furnishing all the necessary details, accompanies this report. By an examination of that it will be seen that there are 91 boys and 110 girls; making 201 pupils who regularly attend the day school. To which may be added 25 adults who attend the night school at Caldwell, making 226 pupils who are regularly taught. Besides these a new school has recently been established in New Georgia, for the recaptured Africans, who learn with surprising rapidity. An infant school has also been established in Monrovia, and this is decidedly the most interesting and beautiful institution in the whole colony. I attended an examination of the pupils of that school. it was indeed an impressive spectacle! The deep mysteries of their existence and present condition were explained, and the designs of Providence towards the long forgotten motions of a vast continent, seemed to be suddenly developed. Let none hereafter tell me that Colonization is a brilliant but *false* theory, or a beautiful chimera. There is one fact which will certainly surprise, but I trust not greatly discourage many of the truest friends of the Colony, and which I would willingly omit if such a course would not be inconsistent with a faithful performance of that duty which my acceptance of this agency imposed upon me. I allude to the almost total neglect of Agriculture. Upon the causes and consequences of this neglect, it may not be improper to remark. Whether the true cause is to be found in the erroneous and absurd idea, which the emigrants themselves entertain, of what constitutes the real wealth of individuals, and the true glory of a State; or in that apparently unconquerable spirit of indolence which is unquestionably a very conspicuous trait in their characters; in mal-administration; or in a combination of all these causes, it would perhaps be difficult accurately to determine. Either would be adequate to the result, and all are certainly operating in some degree. The emigrants when they reach Liberia seem to be instantaneously seized with the *mania* of trade, and although they will very readily acknowledge the supreme importance of agriculture, in a general view, they cannot or will not be convinced of its immense advantages to them as individuals. On the contrary, they believe that they can make more by engaging in trade, than by directing their energies and applying their resources to agricultural enterprises. Accordingly, immediately on their arrival, they exchange whatever articles they may have, or can spare for that purpose, for a little cam wood, and a little ivory, and commence mercantile speculations on a most diminutively small scale. Another very obvious cause of this unfortunate state of things, may be traced to the useless and generally speaking impolitic system, which is invariably pursued towards the settlers. It has been supposed, that as it is absolutely indispensable for them to undergo a process of acclimation, they would be incapable of doing any thing for the first *six months* after their arrival. This is a radical error. It is well known to every one in Liberia, that many of the emigrants *do not take* the fever for six or eight months after their arrival, and even then, they are attacked so slightly, that in many, perhaps a majority of cases, a few days' abstinence from business, with medical aid, is all that is necessary to their recovery. Now, bearing this in mind, it will be seen at once that the circumstance of lands not being assigned them for so long a period, must tend to foster those habits of idleness and inactivity, which in the end, produce effects fatal to their own interest, and highly deleterious to the public good. It either produces this result, and converts many who might have been industrious citizens and enterprising farmers, into vagrant idlers; or it forces them to engage in petty mercantile speculations, which in the present infant state of the colony, is certainly destructive to its best interests. But after all, perhaps, the most powerful reason for the non-existence of agricultural industry, may be found in the character of the people themselves. Many of them, from the very circumstance of their condition in this country, must be entirely ignorant of domestic economy and incapable of conducting the affairs of a farm. Experience alone can furnish the requisite information—and unfortunately for them as individuals, but still more unfortunately for the community at large, their natural habits of bodily and mental indolence, fostered by an erroneous system, and strengthened by the debilitating influences of the climate, present an almost insuperable obstacle to its acquisition. The general consequences of this state of things are as they ever have been, and ever will be, most deplorable. All who are familiar with the Spanish colonial system and its effects, exhibited in the wretched condition of agriculture on the Main, may very readily imagine the effects of a similar system in Liberia. All who are acquainted even with the elementary principles of political economy, can tell what will be the effect in any country of a neglect of AGRICULTURE, the only road to a prosperous and profitable commerce, to wealth and independence. How an entire, radical change, (for nothing less than this can ever do any good,) might be effected in the whole system, upon which things are at present conducted in Liberia; and what would be the immediate and remote consequences of such a change, are separate questions. It is unnecessary to discuss them. Let it suffice to say, now, that the Society at Washington have promptly taken up the subject, and that such a change can be, and *will be* effected as speedily as possible. To return from this digression.—The soil is capable of producing rice, cassada, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, cotton and coffee, and these if they were raised in greater abundance, would be the staple articles. The settlers generally suppose, that by turning their attention immediately and exclusively to trade, they can raise the means of *purchasing* all articles of first necessity from the natives, with less labor than would be required for their cultivation. This is true—and if they go there merely to obtain a subsistence and to waste their time in listless inactivity, it is certainly the best plan to pursue; though in every other possible point of view, obviously impolitic and absurd.—Great encouragements are afforded to all industrious and persevering mechanics, and to such only in Liberia. They can get from 75 to 100 per cent advance, on the price of wages in the United States. Blacksmiths, gunsmiths, *boat builders, ship-wrights* and house carpenters, are the most popular hands, and these can find immediate and profitable employment. There is but little demand for other labor in the colony. Land is given to the settlers at the rate of twenty-five cents per acre, but has been known to sell as high as ten dollars per acre at auction. This is true, however, only of lots advantageously situated in Monrovia. The old settlers in the colony are comparatively prosperous and generally contented; and the number of those who are willing to return to the United States, do not average two per cent. Those who *are* desirous of returning, are almost without an exception, idle, thoughtless and depraved. It would indeed be wonderful, if such were not discontented in any situation. The number of deaths in every expedition, during its voyage and soon after its arrival, while the emigrants were undergoing the process of acclimation, averaged in 1832 about eight per cent; but the number of deaths in three several expeditions, immediately preceding that from Carolinia and Georgia, per the Hercules, did not average three per cent.

With regard to the present capacity of the colony to receive emigrants, the Governor stated to me, that one thousand a year would not be too great a number, *provided,* the first who emigrated bring with them a sufficient number of house frames to accommodate all in that expedition; and provided also that the emigrants in the first, and all subsequent expeditions, bring with them provisions for six months. It will be recollected, that all the emigrants are supported by the Society for *six months* after their arrival; and the Governor is bound by law, to furnish them with rations free of charge, until the expiration of that period. He is also instructed to prolong the time indefinitely, according to his own discretion and the peculiar circumstances of the case. It must not be forgotten, however, that such favours will not be granted in cases where inability to maintain themselves is the result of individual indolence, and not of an unfortunate combination of circumstances. The state of feeling among the surrounding native tribes, is decidedly favorable to the interest of the colony; and if we may judge of the future by the past, a continually increasing friendly intercourse between them and the settlers, productive of mutual benefit, may be confidently expected. The Kroomen are generally speaking, a harmless and inoffensive people, and considering their peculiar and destitute situation, remarkably intelligent. Many of them live with the settlers, work for them, and are supported by them. They learn very readily, and almost all are willing and even *anxious* to be instructed; but the colonists seem to take no interest in their welfare, nor do they make any uniform and persevering attempt to enlighten them, and scatter back the clouds of ignorance and superstition in which they are enveloped. They are never seen in church. Often do they stand by the door during the whole time of service, and no efforts are made to bring them in, by the so called christian settlers of Liberia. This is unpardonable. All the colonists enjoy equal civil and religious privileges; no distinctions whatever being made in this respect.—The amount of crime annually committed is comparatively small, and confined principally to the perpetration of petty thefts. The chances of detection and punishment are about the same as in the United States, varied as it must ever be by the degree of vigilance of those in office at the time, and the ingenuity of the culprit. The Constitution of the Colony, and a Digest of the Laws now in force, accompany this report. Upon these it is superfluous to comment, as they are submitted for your own examination.—Among several new regulations, however, adopted lately by "The Council" in Liberia, there is one establishing *two* articles, cam wood and ivory, as the circulating medium, *and fixing the price of both.* The absurdity of such a law, though certainly obvious, cannot be made plain to these unpractised legislators. But it may be confidently asserted, that experience, the only sure guide, will soon teach them the absurdity of making any arbitrary commercial regulations. The Board at Washington have also taken up this subject; and I believe that arrangements are now making for the establishment of a uniform currency in the colony.

COMPOSITE PUN.—"Weeping is the *cry* fear *eye-on* of grief."

⁎ The following persons will receive Subscriptions for this Paper, in the Canadas:—Wm. Brent, St. John's street, Quebec; Henry F. Hughes, Three Rivers; J. A. Hosmer, St. Paul street, Montreal; Robert Cline, Cornwall; A. Jones, P.M., Prescott; H. & S. Jones, Brockville; J. McDonald, Kingston; G. Bostwick, York; Ralph Clench, P.M., Niagara; M. Crooks, Ancaster; Geo. W. Whitehead, P.M., Burford.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1833.

BATTERY PRIVILEGES.

[Two gentlemen are seen reposing quietly on the grass under the shade of an elm. Enter an officious official, termed the Keeper, with his staff of office.]

Keeper. Gentlemen, you mustn't lie here.

1st Gent. Mustn't! why not?

Keeper. It's contrary to the law.

1st Gent. Confound the law, and the makers of it.

Keeper. I can't help that—but you must get off of this 'ere grass. You're liable to a fine of five dollars for lying here.

2d Gent. How long can we lie here for five dollars.

Keeper. You can't lie here at all. You're liable to pay five dollars for being found here.

2d Gent. [Leisurely turning himself over.] Well, if that's the case, we may as well lie still. The cost will be all the same.

Keeper. Come, Mister, none of your obstinacy. But take yourself off.

1st Gent. What's the harm of lying here quietly?

Keeper. Quietly! Why, no man has a right to lie here quietly. It's agin the law. We should come to a pretty pass indeed, if every man what chooses should be allowed to come and lie here quietly. I tell you, gentlemen, you must get up. You spoil the grass.

1st Gent. The devil we do! Methinks the laws are very particular all at once. It was only the other day, that I saw five hundred horses in here, prancing and tearing up the turf with their hoofs!

Keeper. Yes, but recollect, Mister, that was the fourth of July; and 'twas done all out of patriotism.

1st Gent. It was the same, a few days before, when the President was here.

Keeper. Well, that was all patriotism likewise.

1st Gent. It was like *wise* indeed! the wisdom was all of a piece: To turn cavalry and artillery loose into these grounds, and prohibit a man from lying quietly on the grass!

Keeper. I tell you again you've no business to lie quietly here—it's directly agin the law. So up with you, gentlemen, and move off.

2d Gent. [Snoring.] Don't trouble me now—I havn't slept out my nap yet.

Keeper. No, nor you mustn't neither. Nobody hasn't a right to sleep here.

2d Gent. It's so cool and comfortable in this shade—it's the very place of all the world for an afternoon nap.

Keeper. Come, move off! move off! no napping here.

1st Gent. Move yourself off, Mr. Ruff-scruff, and don't trouble quiet men.

Keeper. Ruff-scruff! Do you call me ruff-scruff! [Flourishing his staff.] I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'm not to be addressed in this sort. I'm the Keeper of this 'ere Battery."

1st Gent. Well, keep yourself out of the way then.

Keeper. I was appointed by the Corporation—and I'm not to be called ill names by nobody, no how.

2d Gent. Cease your jaw! You wake me up.

Keeper. I'll have you fined for an assault and battery on a city officer.

1st Gent. If that's what you want, [Raising his cane] I'll give you some cause for it.

Keeper. Do, if you dare, Mister. Strike me, if you dare. I should like to see you undertake to lift your hand agin a city officer!

1st Gent. You would rather see it than feel it, I believe.

Keeper. I say, strike me if you dare.

1st Gent. 'I dare do any thing that may become a man.' But, on second thoughts, the propriety of striking so contemptible an animal as you, is rather doubtful.

Keeper. Doubtful! Don't you think I'm worth striking then?

2d Gent. No—confound your noisy throat! You won't let me sleep at all. [Rolling himself suddenly against the Keeper, whom he overthrows.] Get out of my way, you rascal you!

Keeper. Murder! Murder!

1st Gent. Ha, ha, ha! What, Mr. Official, you're down, are you?

Keeper. I'll have you both indicted for assault and battery, and attempt to kill.

2d Gent. It was purely an accident on my part. I had just waked up—and, in turning over, happened to come rather forcibly in contact with your legs.

Keeper. 'Twas done o' purpose, I know 'twas; and I'll lie here till I get help, and then I'll have you carried before the Police.

1st Gent. Well, lie still, and be hanged to you. For my part, I'm not particularly fond of your company.

2d Gent. Nor I neither—so I'll move off to another shade. Good bye, Mr. Official. [Exeunt both, leaving the Keeper lying on his back in the middle of a gravel walk.]

MISTAKES AND ABSURDITIES

OF THE REVEREND MR. FIDLER.

Fidler's Observations on the United States and Canada, lately published, is a work of the Basil Hall and Trollopian school; but inferior to them in point of talent and general interest. There is no sprightliness, no humor, no enlivening description, to redeem its numberless errors and absurdities. The Rev. gentleman seems to have undergone a marvellous conversion in this country: he came out a flaming radical; he returned a downright tory. Such was the effect of spending a few months in the United States, mostly in this city.

He says one of our Custom-house officers stole his umbrella, and that had he not made a considerable stir about it, he should have lost it finally. We should say he was extremely fortunate in the end, thus to have regained possession of a stolen umbrella. Such a result is not likely to happen one time in a thousand.

He defines Tammany Hall to be "A place where the lower and more restless orders meet to discuss political and religious questions, and not a few of whose frequenters, as I was informed, are professed Atheists."

But leaving the frequenters of Tammany Hall to settle the question of their respectability with the Reverend gentlemen; and also leaving the Custom house officer, who had no more honesty than to steal an umbrella, to be hanged under the 'second section'; we come to the main object of our article, which is, to select a few of the many mistakes and absurdities of Mr. Fidler's work.

"It seemed to me probable, that there was as much distress in New York, in proportion to the population, as in London. We saw and relieved several beggars in the streets of that city."

"The clergy of America are prohibited by an act of legislature, from sitting in the chamber of representatives." [By legislature, the Rev. Fidler means Congress, and he goes on to tell a ridiculous story of the manner in which clergymen were first excluded from that body.]

"There is no dependence to be placed upon the promises or friendship of any person in this country."

"The Episcopal church is gaining strength there, [in the United States] and will ultimately be matured, in my opinion, into a *national church*."—"The Episcopal clergy are greatly in advance of all other denominations, and march in the van of learning, improvement, and public virtue."

"It would be useless to attempt inducing them [the Americans] to pay for information which they could not at once convert to purposes of gain."

"Every family is a republic. The children are independent of parental control."

"There are some native Americans, whom all allow to be elegant authors; but we must always bear in mind that their education is rather European than American."

"A third rate talent in professions there, [in England] is certainly equal to the highest in the States. I am greatly mistaken, if any first rate professional man exists in all America." [*Proh pudor!*]

"I must confess, that it appeared to me not a little amusing, that every thing of literature in the States, with which one grapples, dwindles into mere pretence, and vanishes into air."

"The perfidious conduct of an enterprising man [George Washington] has given birth and freedom to a colossal power, and has transmitted to posterity his own name, enshrined among those of the greatest warriors, statesmen and legislators, that have appeared in the world."

"One regulation respecting fire-engines [in New York] is, that a person from the house of every citizen is required to attend, the moment a fire-bell rings, in order to work the engines."—"I was told that many wood buildings, when favorably situated for business, and let upon long leases, are annually burnt down by some select incendiary, employed by the landlord. He finds, in such case, that it is his interest to accomplish this; and his tenant's goods and stores are but slight impediments. The wood house, once burnt down, the tenant finds himself obliged either to build a fire-proof house, or to evacuate his lease." [This shows the remarkable hoaxability of the Rev. author. The story would have been somewhat improved, had the landlord been represented as setting fire to the buildings with his own hand, instead of employing an agent; for then the secret being confined to his own breast, there would be less danger of detection.]

"The authenticated deaths [by cholera in New York] were between six and seven thousand." [Not so many, good Mr. Fidler, by nearly fifty per cent.] "I heard of no clergyman of any denomination, who in this trying season withdrew from the scene of his sacred ministrations." [We heard of several, who ran as if Old Nick was at their heels.]

"I must do justice to the Professors in New York College, by stating, that they were beginning to adopt castigation, as the only sure remedy for confirmed offenders." ['Ma conscience'! we should like to see President Duer, or one of the Professors, with his sleeves rolled up, applying the birch to the unruly young gentlemen of the College. That would indeed, to use the language of one of the ancients, be 'a sight worthy of the gods.']

"I presented some Eastern books to a gentleman in Boston, from whom I had received many kind attentions; but he made no acknowledgements. An American will accept; but feels, or at least expresses no obligation." [The ungrateful varmunts! They deserve to be kicked to death by grasshoppers.]

"If an American editor should assert that all the English books he edits were the productions of *one* author, let them be ever so dissimilar in composition or argumentation, he would be believed by almost every reader from Maine to New Orleans." [Oh, gullibility! hast thou at last fled from John Bull, and taken up thy abode with Brother Jonathan?]

Not Seriously Hurt.—We find, in one of our exchange papers, an account of an outrageous assault and battery—in which one of the parties, in the language of the editor, "although *severely*, it is believed is not *seriously* hurt." Ma conscience! as Bailey Nichol Jarvie says, if a poor fellow, who is beaten nearly to death, be not seriously hurt, we confess we don't know what seriously means. Such expressions, however, may every day be seen in our newspapers. If a man is not hurt past recovery, he is said not to be seriously hurt.

Now, seriously, what is the definition of the word? Noah Webster says—"Gravely; solemnly; in earnest; without levity." A grave hurt then, according to the idea of some of the editorial corps, must doubtless be such an one as to lay a man in his grave—otherwise he is not hurt gravely, *alias* seriously. A solemn hurt we suppose, by the same rule, must be one which causes the tolling of the solemn bell. A hurt in earnest, must be one of course which is not inflicted in jest. And one without levity, must be one which is perfectly free from lightness; and, in case of an assault and battery, must of course have been laid on with a heavy hand.

An injury which is inflicted in jest, cannot possibly by any logic be accounted a serious one, even though it should kill the person injured. It was done in jest, and, *ergal*, as the grave-digger in Hamlet says, tho' it may be mortally *severe*, it cannot be *serious!*

Appropos—speaking of hurts in jest, we have a bit of an anecdote. A neighbor of ours, having received some insulting language from a neighbor of his, drew his fist and knocked him down. The latter, after a while coming to himself, got up and bristling fiercely to his antagonist, asked him if he meant that in earnest.

"Yes, d—n you! was the laconic answer.

"I'm very glad to hear it," replied the other, with commendable spirit, for, by heavens, I wouldn't have taken it in jest."

Cacology.—We wonder that Dr. Webster, who has been so liberal in the insertion of other words, has not put *cacology* in his dictionary. He has come so near it, as to give us *cacography*, signifying bad spelling; and if this be necessary, surely a word signifying the improper use of language, or the use of improper language, is scarcely less necessary. Indeed, those who manage to spell passably well, such as editors, and occasionally some writers of note, persist in the use of such villanous words as *talented*, *gifted*, &c.; and in the mis-use of such legitimate words as *allude*, *circumstance*, and the like. Now, these ought to go to Dr. Pangloss, to learn to mend their cacology—or, as Lord Duberly says, their *cacolology*. They are word-murderers, or (to derive a term from the Latin) *verbicides;* and deserve to be delivered over to some caco-demon, or other schoolmaster, to be thoroughly basted with the "oil of birch," until they submit to the use of good English, and the good use of English.

Downing Counterfeits.—There is no good thing but what rogues and cheats will try to counterfeit. Hypocrites counterfeit religion; courtesans counterfeit virtue; rogues counterfeit money; and blockheads undertake to counterfeit the letters of Major Jack Downing. But these latter, for the most part, succeed very ill. As there is but a single individual of that rare bird called the Phœnix, in the world at a time, so there is but one real *bona fide* Major Downing; and it is the highest presumption in any one to assume the character of that distinguished man, before he has himself laid it down, by expiring, like the phœnix, in the blaze of his own glory.

Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott.—Part IX. of Conner & Cooke's edition of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, (consisting of the *Monastery*) is just published.

PARSON JONES;

OR, THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE.

A godly man was Parson Jones—
  He prayed against the flesh,
He penance did on's marrow-bones,
  Then went, and—sinned afresh.

E'en while his voice was rais'd in prayer,
  His eyes were wont to stray;—
He look'd, with gloating, on the fair,
  Who knelt around to pray.

Against excess in taking meat,
  He raised his constant prayer;
Then at the board he took his seat,
  And ate—a double share.

So oft to trip, and slip, and fall,
  It seemed no sign of grace;
But he excused his lapses all,
  By quoting David's case.

The flesh, he said, was very weak,
  The spirit not consenting;—
He ate three pounds of good beef-steak,
  And then—he died, repenting!

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

A Fish Dealer.—On Saturday last, Thomas Gilson, a bummeree, or retailer of fish in Billingsgate, was brought before the Lord Mayor for having followed Mr. Goldham, the clerk of the market, from place to place, with a loaded stick, a blow of which, inflicted by a man of moderate strength, would fell an ox.

Mr. Goldham, to the surprise and amusement of the crowd in the justice-room, gave the following account of Gilson:—I have had a great deal of trouble, my lord, with the defendant, who is constantly in the habit of imposing on the public by the tricks of his trade. He puts the gills of fresh fish into the bodies of fish that have been long dead, and he also supplies the heads of stinking fish with fresh eyes. Sometimes he throws a little blood amongst the pale old gills of a fish, and the old ladies are deceived by the freshness of their appearance, the cod or mackerel actually looking as if it had just passed the agonies of death, and they throw down their money with pleasure for a prize which, when they get it home, turns out to be as bad as a three weeks old milt.—(Great laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—I have often heard of giving new feathers to birds, and of making a 'wonderful crocodile' of the skin of a buffalo lined with block tin—(laughter)—but I never heard of making up food in the market before.

Mr. Goldham—It was only the other day that he imposed a Dutch plaice upon an old lady for what he called a turbot. She said, 'Oh dear, a turbot! a young undergrown turbot, I suppose?' 'Yes ma'am,' says he, 'just like a paraquet, what's like a parrot, but younger and more tender.' So the lady took home her turbot, and it was more tender, sure enough. (Great laughter.) The lady came down the next day, but Tom was too good a judge to be there. She had paid 3s. for the turbot, and he had sold its fellows, when good, at 4d. a-piece.

The Lord Mayor—Is it true, defendant, that you act in this way?

Gilson—Why, my lord, they do put new gills and eyes into the fish what comes up to the market; but, howsomdever, the fish an't the worse for having bad eyes and white gills. The fish may be good fish, though his eyes is sore—(laughter)—but there's some people as won't have no fish as an't perfect every where, and so we're obligated for to please 'em, and we do put in a fresh eye or two what looks bright, and the moment they sees the eyes glisten they says I'll have that 'un. (Loud laughter.) Howsomdever, we never beautifies, barrin the fish is good fish.

Mr. Goldham—A lady bought a turbot a short time ago, from this man, and as it had been lying on his form for some time, it began to get flabby. To remedy this defect, he shoved a stick up the body, which, of course, became stiff enough, and he soon found a customer. Down came the lady next day, to the terror of the defendant, who, however, had not much reason to be frightened, for she says to him, 'My good man, I don't blame you, but we couldn't eat a bit of the turbot yesterday. Do you know that the poor unfortunate fish must have suffered a great deal of agony, for, upon boiling him, we found that he had swallowed a piece of wood as long as himself.' (Laughter.)

Gilson—But the fish was good, please your lordship. This lady didn't think there was any good in him if he want as stiff as a poker; and I thinked it no harm for to ram a bit of clean wood in him,

make it an out and out caper. (Laughter.) She might have et him if she chuse, for the wittles he got a'ter the life was out on done him no harm.

Lord Mayor—Well, you have acted candidly at any rate, and confessed that you are a practised impostor; but pray what sort of blood do you color the gills of the fish with?

Gilson—It don't signify, please you, my lord; any blood as is nearest at hand.

Lord Mayor (to the defendant)—How much do you get for doctoring fish in this manner, to cheat the public with?

Gilson—I'd like to have a little to do in that way, my lord, but not for cheating. I takes a pride in beautifying the watery hanimals, but they never stinks in my hands. (Laughter.)

Lord Mayor—For all that, I'll make you find bail.

Here the son of the defendant, also a fish-retailer, but a respectable young man, offered bail, and it was immediately received.—*Lond. pap.*

"SECOND SIGHT?"

One of the most striking instances of the effects of a disordered imagination, says the American, occurred recently in the vicinity of Haverhill, Mass., the facts of which are thus detailed in an eastern paper, by a writer bearing the initials of Mr. Whittier, the Quaker poet:—

In September, 1831, a worthy and highly-esteemed inhabitant of this town died suddenly on the bridge over the Merrimac, by the bursting of a blood vessel. It was just at day-break, when he was engaged with another person in raising the draw of the bridge for the passage of a sloop. The suddenness of the event; the excellent character of the deceased; and, above all, a vague rumor that some extraordinary disclosure was to be made, drew together a large concourse at the funeral. After solemn services were concluded, Thomas, the brother of the dead man,—himself a most exemplary christian,—rose up, and desired to relate some particulars regarding the death of his brother. He then stated,—and his manner was calm, solemn, impressive,—that more than a month previous to his death, his brother had told him, that his feelings had been painfully disturbed by seeing, at different times, on the bridge, a quantity of human blood;—that sometimes, while he was gazing upon it, it suddenly disappeared, as if removed by an invisible hand; that it lay thick and dark amidst the straw and litter; that, many times, in the dusk of the evening, he had seen a vessel coming down the river, which vanished just as it reached the draw; and that at the same time, he had heard a voice calling in a faint and lamentable tone—"*I am dying!*" and that the voice sounded like his own; that then he knew the vision was for him, and that the hour of his departure was at hand. Thomas, moreover, stated that, a few days before the melancholy event took place, his brother, after assuring him that he would be called upon to testify to the accounts which he had given of the vision on the bridge, told him that he had actually seen the same vessel go up the river, whose spectral image he had seen in his vision, and that, when it returned, the fulfilment would take place; that night after night, he had heard what seemed to him the sound of the horn from that vessel, calling for the raising of the draw, and that it was to him very solemn and awful. "You all know," continued the narrator, "how my brother died,—that he died fulfilling the vision,—that his blood lies even now upon the bridge, as *he* saw it before his death; and that his last words were heard by the captain of the vessel —*I am dying!*"

There was something in the circumstances of this narration,—the church crowded with faces bent earnestly on the speaker,—the evident sincerity and deep solemnity of the narrator,—and the fearful character of his communication, while the yet unburied corpse of his brother lay before him,—which was calculated to revive every latent feeling of superstition; and to overpower, at least for the moment, the convictions of reason and the arguments of philosophy.

Haverhill, 1st of 6 mo. 1833. J. G. W.

THE MERMAID.

A PATHETIC FISH STORY.

Hiram Coffin was an intrepid fisherman of Nantucket; a good looking fellow, and withal a man of some talent in the way of his profession. He had, by industry, amassed enough of the "world's gear" to build him a house, and rig out a neat little smack—which had lain "high and dry" long after the death of his father. Hiram took it into his head that Jenny Gil, daughter of a veteran son of the line, (not Jack Ketch) would make one of the best help-mates that could be found upon the whole island, and he therefore determined to venture within soundings, and threw out his bait.

One evening—and it was a beautiful evening —the pensive moon looked fondly on the bosom of the calm waters, "the mirror of her loveliness"!—stillness reigned—not even the gentle ripples that rolled up the beach, murmured loud enough to be heard a furlong off. Occasionally a distant splash was heard, which might have been a dolphin or a porpoise—perhaps a sea serpent, leaping from the briny deep—my authorities are silent on this important head, and much it is to be regretted. I said that it was a beautiful evening;—Jenny walked pensively along the yellow shore, in search of clams for the morrow's breakfast; her thoughts were like the sea—calm and placid—and she often wished herself a water-nymph, that she might traverse the pathless deep, and sport in the coral caves beneath its bosom. Of a sudden she heard a mournful noise, like a sigh, and looking down she perceived a stream of water issuing from a hole in the sand. Experience had taught her that the hole the sigh, the gush, were infallible indications of the presence of a clam; so she began to dig for the hidden treasure.—*Long* did she toil, and the longer she toiled, the more *clam-orous* became the inhabitant of the beach, at one moment she had it between her taper fingers, and then again it would slip away with a mournful groan. Chance brought Hiram to the spot, and, with a fisherman's gallantry, he stooped down and drew the shell-fish from its home. Jenny thanked him with a blush. Hiram sighed; and the clam sighed. This was the wordless eloquence of love; sigh brought on sigh—utterance came—word brought on word—and (happy Hiram!) confusion brought on confusion.

Happy in the society of each other, Hiram and his beloved Jenny wandered along the sea beach —they made chaplets of the sea-weeds, they cracked '*poppers*;' they chased each other with the '*devil's aprons*;' they threw stones, and they dug clams. Pleasant is the love that meets returns. They had not wandered more than half a mile, when they observed something in the sea, bobbing up and down, as if it were dancing to Handel's "Water Music." The surprised islanders glanced at each other, as if they would have said, "shall we run?"—but they moved not, and the object in the water gradually approached. As it neared the moon shone bright upon it—it appeared to be a beautiful female, with long flowing hair, and arms and shoulders as white as drifting snow. One lovely hand remained gracefully fixed upon her breast, while the other ever and anon dipt into the liquid element.

Hiram looked with all his eyes—what a heavenly being thought he—how fit for a fisherman's wife!—Jenny saw the fire of admiration dart from her lover's eye—she saw it fixed in rapture upon the beautiful sea-goddess, and her heart sunk within her. Jealousy that green eyed monster, crept into her bosom, and she turned away and wept. Hiram chid her not, for his soul was wrapt away in the water spirit, who by this time had reached a rock about ten yards from low-water-mark, and with a graceful bound, she threw herself from the deep, and rested on one of its shelves. Not a sound had broken upon the silence for some time, until a sigh from Jenny awakened the dormant clams, and from the basket issued a chorus of sighs. Hiram started from his stupor; he thought he heard the plaintive voice of the mermaid,* and his heart wast filled with love. He went to the edge of the sea, called on the water lady, but she answered not, still preserving the same attitude in which she had first appeared. The force of love has often been illustrated, but never so finely, since the days of Hero and Leander, as in a picture I have seen of Hiram plunging into the waveless deep, to the rescue of the mysterious sea beauty. Yes—it was an act of chivalry and deserves to be recorded; he went into the salt water, swam bravely, while the disconsolate Jenny remained on shore, wringing her hands in the agony of despair. Nothing daunted, the heroic Hiram skimmed lightly over the surface of the deep, until he arrived at the rock. There sat the water-nymph in nature's loveliness; he seized her round her waist, and bore her triumphantly to the beach! Jenny shed an ocean of tears, and exclaimed—Ah Hiram, your vows were all false;—you have fallen in love with an evil one, and poor Jenny Gil is forgotten." "Never fear," said the honest fisherman. "I have only been out to save the *figure head* of the brig '*Mermaid*, which was lost some time ago off this island! Why—Jenny, odds sniggers!—look its *nothing but wood!*"

Jenny and Hiram were united in the holy band of wedlock on the week following—and the wooden sea-nymph, to this day, graces a corner of the hut.

THE WANDERER.

* It is positively asserted, by all who know any thing about the matter, that Mermaids have the power of charming men by the soft melody of their voices.

[*Saturday Morning Visitor.*

PALLADIUM.—A discovery of considerable importance has been recently made, by Mr. Johnson, of Hatton Garden, of a new method of separating the alloys contained in the gold obtained from the Gongo Loco Mine in Brazil. This gold is found to contain a considerable quantity of palladium, a metal which was discovered by Dr. Wallaston some years since, but has hitherto been obtained in very small quantities, and has consequently been little used in the arts. It is much harder than platina, and was on that account employed in combination with gold for the graduation of the circular instrument constructed by Mr. Troughton for the Observatory at Greenwich. The supply of palladium will now be greatly increased. The result of an experiment upon 25 lbs. of gold dust from the Gongo Loco Mine was as follows:

	lbs.	oz.	dwts.	grs.
Gold	22	2	7	15
Silver	0	13	15	0
Platina	0	1	15	0
Palladium	0	17	10	0
	24	11	7	15
Deficient	0	0	12	9
	25	0	0	0

The 22 lbs. 2 oz. 7 dwts. 15 grs. of gold produced, being better than standard by rather more than 1½ carats, equals 22 lbs. 8 oz. 14 dwts. 19 grs. of standard gold. Arrangements have been made for separating the palladium from the whole of the gold brought from this mine; and as the produce of the last year exceeded 4200 lbs., a considerable supply will in future be obtained; and we doubt not that it will now be adopted extensively in the arts for those objects where hardness and freeness from oxidation are a desideratum.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MIRIAM LA BALLERINA.

OR, THE FATHER'S CURSE.

"Now by my head, a Gentile, and no Jewess."
Merchant of Venice.

'No, no,' cried the Jew Levi, while he struck violently with his clenched fist the table at which he had just supped, one Sabbath evening. 'No, my daughter shall never go upon the stage, to amuse by her pirouettes the idlers of Palermo. What! Miriam la Ballerina a dancer—holy Father Abraham, my daughter an opera dancer! and that too, when our young neighbour Aaron is ready to marry her; when she may be to-morrow the bride of the richest merchant in the city; when——'

'I do not wish to vex or contradict you, love,' interrupted his wife; 'but, however, Miriam anxiously longs to appear at the theatre. She feels opera-dancing to be her vocation, and she may make a large fortune by that means, and honestly too—though all dancing girls have not the best reputations.'

'Hold your foolish tongue, woman,' continued her husband; 'you know, or ought to know, that dancing girls are no better than so many incarnate Babylonians. I would rather, like our great Patriarch, sacrifice her with my own hands, than have her a public gazing-stock for fools, and the common object of gossiping scandal. Ichabod! Ichabod! a daughter of the tribe of Judah a public dancer!'

'But still, love,' said his wife, in a soothing tone, 'David has danced before the ark.'

'Aye,' answered with solemnity the old Jew; 'but that dance did not in anywise resemble the one which Miriam is so fond of practising; it was a grave, a measured movement, to the slow sound of cymbals and psaltries.'

'That, my dear,' answered the old lady, 'you cannot know positively. The book of Samuel, which the Christians call the book of Kings, makes no more mention of one description of dance, than of another.'

'Tongue of Satan,' shouted the Jew, worked into frenzy by this petticoat opposition, 'would you destroy our child here, and hereafter?'

This complimentary interrogatory effectually stopped the old Jewess's mouth; she removed the remains of their supper, and spoke no more to her husband on that evening except to remind him that the clock of San Cypriano had sounded the usual hour of retiring to rest.

Three months after this scene, the great Opera House of Palermo was more crowded than it had been for years. The pit, the boxes, the galleries, the orchestra, were all crammed almost to suffocation; and in one of the private boxes sat the Ambassador of England, and his Secretary of Legation, chatting about the young debutante, who had excited so great an interest and attracted so large an audience. 'There is something in the circumstances of this debut,' said the secretary, 'which renders la Signorina Miriam both piquante and romanesque; her father is a Jew, who, forsooth, piques himself upon his Hebrew morality, and wishes to marry his daughter to a fellow of a merchant, instead of allowing her to become the Terpsichore of Sicily. Such a destiny for a girl, whose steps express the very poetry of motion, would be too shocking! The gentle Jessica herself has had soul enough to spurn the dull monotony of a bourgeois life; she has quarrelled with all her family, cut her commercial Corydon, and appears to night in search at once of celebrity and a protector."

"Diavolo!" answered or rather soliloquized the ambassador, arranging at the same time the curls of an admirably built wig. "The girl must have spirit; I should like to introduce her to an English audience, provided she would accept of me as her compagnon du voyage. There would be something quite oriental, patriarchal, in being loved by a gentle Jewess, and of the poetical name of Miriam, too! But see, the curtain rises, and the ballet begins." And the ballet did begin with its pastoral scenes and canvass vineyards, and in came the shepherds and shepherdesses with their crooks and garlands of flowers, (the only ruralities in their composition,) and danced, and grimaced, and made love, after the most approved and orthodox theatrical fashion; and at the third scene in came the long expected Miriam, a tall, dark-haired damsel, 'en bergere,' with the grace of Taglioni, and the figure of Heberle. She glided forward in the most seducing *pas seul*, which quite overcame the diplomatic susceptibility of the English ambassador.—The applauses were rapturous, when, just at the moment as the young dancing divinity had finished a concluding *pirouette* of extreme difficulty and exquisite grace, and remained motionless, with a half timid, half confiding air, as if to woo the admiration of her enraptured beholders—just at that very moment, an old man with a long beard and broad leaved hat, not in the least degree rural or Arcadian, rushed from the side scenes to Miriam, and seized her delicate gauze dress, which he frantically crushed and tore.—'Wretched girl,' shouted he, 'could nothing prevent your exposing yourself in these butterfly gauds to the gaze of all Palermo? Well, then, before all Palermo, I curse you bitterly with a father's curse, and pray heaven that you may end your days in rags and wretchedness! I curse you!' repeated he, gnashing his teeth with fury; and although Levi was not in the least degree an actor, perhaps there never was uttered upon the stage an imprecation which produced a greater theatrical effect.

At this apparition Miriam fainted, and her father was apprehended and carried off as a disturber of the public peace, by two police officers. The audience were electrified by this unexpected *coup de theatre*, and the manager was in utter astonishment at the anger of Levi, as his daughter had obtained a more advantageous engagement by ten zecchins a night, than any dancer since the days of La Voltapiedi. The male part of the audience were unanimous in stigmatizing the Jew's conduct as brutal and uncalled for, towards a daughter possessed of such faultless ancles; while the ladies, with that impartiality which a woman always exercises towards her own sex, allowed that Miriam's figure was tolerable, but declared that she must be a very abandoned girl indeed, to occasion so much grief to so respectable a parent. As for the people in the pit, at first they appeared affected by the incident; but when they recovered from their momentary emotion, and the manager came forward to excuse the disappearance of Miriam, on the ground of her indisposition, hisses and cries of disapprobation were heard on all sides, demanding the restitution of the entrance money, as the Jew father was not mentioned in the play-bill, and as they had come to see a pastoral ballet, and not a domestic drama. However, the tumult, like all other tumults in this best of possible worlds, whether political, religious or dramatic, was at last stilled; and the ballet ended, without the re-appearance of either father or daughter.

When the Jew and Miriam returned to their respective habitations, they both were attacked with violent fevers, caused by the harassing emotions which they had experienced. The old age of the father sunk under the disease, but the youthful strength of the Jewess triumphed over its malignity, and that day month saw them both fulfilling their several destinies under very different auspices. Levi was carried, with all the funeral solemnities of his tribe, to the Jewish burial-ground outside the city gates, upon the road to Messina; and along that very road, upon the self-same day, in the travelling carriage of the English ambassador, sat Miriam, as the *compagnon du voyage* of his admiring excellency. She had heard of her father's death, and notwithstanding the excitement of the journey, the compliments of the ambassador, and the more delicate diplomatic attentions of the secretary of legation, as the carriage drove by the old burial-ground, its rows of cypresses, and gloomy array of tomb-stones, with their half effaced Hebrew inscriptions, she could not refrain from thinking of the old man who had once so tenderly loved her, and whose dying curse was yet unrepented and unrecalled. There is a strange influence in a father's curse; it is not a force, a moving power, as the mathematicians say—it is not a body, a substance tangible or material; there is nothing more unreal or unsubstantial than the words, '*I curse you!*' and yet there are few persons loaded with the parental anathema who have shaken off its effects, or borne it lightly or harmlessly through life. As for Miriam, the gloomy recollection weighed on her mind for the first few leagues of her journey; but long before she had reached Messina, it was effaced by the rapidity and luxury with which she travelled, and by the glowing anticipations of the glories which awaited her in London—that paradise of pretty opera girls, where pirouetting holds now the same rank in public estimation, which agitation does in Ireland. Her prophetic fancy fondly pictured her approaching honours; and she proudly supported upon her shoulder the sleeping head of the English ambassador, weighed down as it was by politics and a meat breakfast. From time to time, the large dark eyes of the Ballerina met the saucy blue ones of the secretary of legation, who reclined in the opposite corner of the barouche, and who had no objection whatever to play the first part in amatory diplomacy during the repose of his principal. But alas! '*nulla rosa senza spina*,' no pleasure is given to us poor mortals in this transitory vale of tears, without a corresponding proportion of sorrow and grief. The Sicilian post-horses had the astonishing presumption to run away with the equipage of the ambassador of England! The carriage was dashed to pieces, his excellency escaped with a broken leg, the secretary of legation's teeth were smashed in a manner to render him utterly incapable for ever either of saying or sighing soft things; and Miriam, bruised, crushed, without a vestige of her former beauty, was carried senseless to a neighbouring village. Her fever returned—that night she became delirious, raved of her father's curse, the secretary of legation, and the opera house, and died happy in the imaginary execution of an inimitable *pas seul*. On the morrow, earth was given to earth, Miriam was consigned to her coffin, and the worms riotted over their destined prey.

BIRTH OF THE QUEEN BEE.

The Spring had scattered her dewy flowers
O'er the Emerald turf, in purple showers;
The broad Regal Sun, on the brow of Day,
Threw the light from his orb away;
When Flora rushed floatingly down the dell,
With the dew-drops gemming her amber locks,
Which around in wild disorder fell,
Like golden sun-beams m'el the rocks!
And the fresh flowers sprung from the heaving sod,
Wherever her fairy footsteps trod;
And her panting heart was plainly seen
To beat through the snow of her bosom's screen;
And she held in her hand a bright blue bell,
With a spark of pure life in its azure cell;
And she wandered to find some lovely thing
In that valley, to which she might sweetly fling
The treasure she clasped to her beautiful bosom.
At length she espied an atom of gold,
In the crimson fold
Of a rose-leaf rolled;
And, gently opening the blushing blossom,
She threw the life from her thin white hand,
Out of the blue bell's cup,
On the atom of gold, in its rose-leaf bland;
When a living gem flew up!
With wings of gauze, so thin and bright,
They seemed to be woven with beams of light—
With the little jet limbs, all wet with dew,
Sprinkled with pearl, away it flew!
And young Flora smiled its birth to see;
While the Sun in her soul, thus softly said she:—
"Away to the mountains, my busy Queen Bee!"
And away it flew, from flower to flower,—
From the purple hall to the crimson bower,—
From the nectared cup of sparkling blue,—
To the waxen palace, all lit with dew;
Where music and perfume, and light, and air,
Wove their web in the atmosphere.
Ah! 'twas a beautiful sight to see
The birth and the bliss of the first Queen Bee!

C. D. Sillery.

RUNNING OFF WITH AN HEIRESS.

From an article contained in our last Edinburgh Magazine, we take a portion descriptive of this attempt. The narrator is Colonel O'Looney, the jolly-looking president of the mess. He is described as gifted with every qualification for imparting attraction to his story. "His tones were delicious to listen to. The music of five hundred Irishmen distilled into one glorious brogue, would give but a faint idea of his fine rich Tipperary,—and all so softened by the inimitable good nature of his expression!—Upon my honour, a story, without his voice to tell it with, loses almost all its value." By its insertion in the Atlas we must not be considered responsible for any of its possible insinuations against the facile fair one, or her sex. Indeed, we think the story is abundantly provided with materials for a full set off for every thing of this kind, should the sex be disposed to search for them. "Faith an' yese quite right," said the Colonel in answer to some observation, "in what ye say about marriage. There's a stark-staring scarcity of the commodity. Here have we been stationed now in this city of York for six weeks, and divil a young fellow of us has picked up an heiress yet. Now, mind me, when I was here about thirty years ago, it was a very different story. We had something or other to laugh at every day in the way of the ladies,—either a start off to Gretna Green, or a duel, or a horse-whipping. But now, by the sowl of me, there's no sort of amusement to be had at all."

"Pray, Colonel, are there any heiresess in this neighborhood at present?" drawled forth a young cornet.

"Faith, surely," replied the Colonel, "ye ought to be on the lookout for that yerself. I've enough to do to pick up information on my own account."

"I merely wanted to benefit a little by your experience," rejoined the other.

"Experience? is it *that* ye're wanting? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a sacret. That same experience is the very divil in a man's way when he thinks of doing the civil thing to a young lady that has the misfortune to be rich. Young fellows like you are trusted by guardians and mothers, and cattle of that sort, and even by the damsel herself, because they see no danger in a youth with so little experience. I found it so myself when I joined the regiment first. Never was known such a set of fine frank open-hearted creturs as I found all the young darlings at every party I went to. No shyness, no fears, no hurrying away at my approach in case I should ask them to dance with me; but now that I have had about thirty years of this same practice in the art of courtship, there's no such thing as getting near the sweet creturs even to whisper a word. Every mother's son—daughter I mane—of them, gets away as soon as possible from such a dangerous divil as a young fellow with so many years experience. Mothers and aunts throw themselves into the gap to cover their retreat, and lug me off to the card table that they may keep their eyes on me all the night. Ach, when we were stationed here in the glorious eighteen hundred, mothers and aunts never troubled their heads about such a sweet little inexperienced lambkin as I was."

"But you were talking of heiresses, Colonel," said the cornet, hiding a laugh at the jolly commander's attributing the change which he perceived in the reception he met with from the ladies to any thing rather than its right cause, "you were talking of heiresses, were there many of them in this neighbourhood at that time?"

"Och, plinty; they either were or pretended to be; so the honour of carrying them off was all the same, ye know. Whenever an officer got three days' leave of absence, he was sure to bring back a wife with him; the postillions on the north road grew as rich as nabobs, and their horses as thin as lathes: all that a girl had to do was to say she was an heiress; nobody ever asked her what it was of; whether an estate or a lawsuit—off she was to the ould blacksmith before the week was out, and married as fast and sure as her mother. Then came the cream of the joke, for there was always some insolent brother, or cousin, or discarded sweetheart, to shoot immediately on your return, so that the fun lasted very often as long as the honeymoon?"

"And how many of the officers were lucky enough to get married?"

"Och, every one of them, I tell ye, except myself and Jack O'Farrell. Did I ever tell ye how nearly owld Jack and I were buckled?"

"No, Colonel," cried a great many voices, "let us hear."

"Gintly, my lads, gintly. I'll tell ye first of my friend Jack. I'll take a little time to think of it before I tell ye my own adventure." Here the Colonel sighed, and said something about agonized feelings and breaking hearts, which contrasted so ridiculously with his hilarious countenance and Herculean figure, that we could not avoid bursting into a very hearty laugh. The Colonel, after appearing a little discomposed, for I believe he considers himself no contemptible performer in the art of pathetic story-telling, joined in our laugh, tossed off a bumper and began.

"Well,—Jack O'Farrell was the most gallant-looking fellow I ever saw—great red whiskers, shoulders like the side of a house, bright fiery eyes, and a gash from a shillelah across his brow, that made him look a handsome copy of the divil, as a soldier should. He was a Galway man, the best tempered fellow that ever was seen in the world, and had been out five times before he was twenty. One of them was with his uncle fighting Dick Callaghan of Oonamorlich, (he was shot afterwards by Sir Niel Flanagan in the Thirteen Acres;) so, said Jack—'I only took him in the shoulder, for it's unchristian to kill one's relations.' Jack came across, and joined us in this very town. In a moment he won every heart at the mess-table; he drank four bottles of claret, thirteen glasses of brandy and water, and smoked two-and-twenty cigars; and then saw the chaplain safe to his lodgings, as if he had been his brother; it did us all good to see such a steady fellow. Well, just at this time, we were in the heart of running away with the women, fighting the men, and playing the divil entirely; and Jack resolved to be equal with the best of us. There was to be a ball, a public ball of some sort or other at the County Hall, and I saw my friend Jack particularly busy in making his preparations. He packed up his carpet bag, dressing-case, and a brace of horse-pistols, and having got a week's leave of absence the day before the dance. 'And what's all this you're doing, Jack?' said I. Now, my lads, I've been so long away from owld Ireland, and rattled so much about the world, that I've lost the Irish intirely, or I would try to give you an imitation of Jack's brogue, but that's impossible for a tongue that has the trick of the English."

The Colonel luckily did not remark how some of us were amused with this apology, for not being able to speak like an Irishman, and went on—

'An' what's all this you're doing, Jack?' said I.

'Doin'? an' what should I be doin'!' says he, 'but puttin' up my weddin' garments?'

'Your wedding?' says I; 'are you going to be married, Jack?'

'Faith, an' I hope so,' says he; 'or what would be the use o' this wonder o' the world?' holding up a beautiful coloured silk nightcap between his finger and thumb.

'And who is the lady, you sowl?'

'How the divil should I know?' said Jack. 'I haven't seen her, nor asked her yet; but I suppose there'll be plenty at this ball. I'm goin' to have a post-chaise at the door, an' I'll bet ye I'll shew ye Mrs. Cornet O'Farrell before ye're a week owlder.'

'Done,' and 'done!' we said; and it was a wager.

Jack and I went into the ball-room together.

'I wonder if Mrs. John O'Farrell is here,' said Jack, as he looked round among the ladies.

'Faith,' said I, 'it's not for me to answer ye; ye had better ask them; but I truly hope Mrs. Cornet O'Looney is not in this collection, for such a set of scare-crows I never,—

—'Ooch, ullaloo, man, hold your tongue; it's not for the beauty of them one cares, but just the fame of the thing, to have carried off an heiress; and an heiress Mrs. O'Farrell must be, that's a sure case; for ye see, barrin' my pay and a small thrifle I owe my creditors besides, I shall have nothing to support the young O'Farrells, let alone the wife and the maid.'

Just at this time a rich owld sugar merchant, with a whole posse of daughters, and other ladies, came bustling into the room.

'There now, Jack,' said I, 'now's your time.—Here comes owld Fusby the sugar merchant from London, and half a dozen heiresses pinned to his apron. Off with ye man. Ye can't go wrong: take the very first that will have ye. I tell ye, he's rich enough to cover the Bog of Allan with melted gold.'

'Then he's just the sort of fellow I want—so, wi' ye'r lave, I'll go and do the needful to the tall young woman in blue. If he gives her only a thousand foot, she'll be a very comfortable companion in a post-chaise.'

Jack was introduced in all due form, and in a minute was capering away in the middle of the floor as if he were stamping hay; and thinking all the time of the chariot at the door and Gretna Green. His partner seemed very much pleased with his attentions. She simpered and curtsied to all Jack's pretty speeches, and I began to be rather alarmed about the bet. She was very tall, very muscular-looking and strong, and seemed a good dozen of years older than the enraptured Jack. If she had been twenty years older than his mother it would have been all the same, provided she had been an heiress, for at that time, as I tell ye, we were the only two bachelors left who had not picked up a wife with prodigious reputations for money, and Jack was determined to leave me behind in the race. After he had danced with her four or five different sets, he came up to me in raptures. 'Isn't she a dear sweet sowl?' said Jack, 'and such a mowld for grenadiers! She's a Scotchwoman too, and that's next door to an Irishman anyhow.'

'If she's a Scotchwoman,' said I, 'you must be sure of your ground—they haven't so many heiresses among the hills as in the fat fields of England. What's her name?'

'There now,' said he, slapping his leg, 'ain't I a pretty fellow? I've danced with her half the night, and niver asked her what her name is. I'll go and ask her this moment.' And accordingly he marched up to her once more, and carried her off in triumph as his partner.

'Pray, Madam, may I make so bowld,' he began, 'as to ask you what yer name may be—for owld Mr. Fusby spakes so much wi' the root of his tongue that I can't understand a word he would mintion.'

'My name,' replied the lady, 'is Miss Sibilla M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart.'

'And a very pretty name too, upon my honour,' said Jack; 'what size may Glen Buckie be?—you'll excuse me.'

'Oo, in our family we never can tell to a mile or twa what the size of ony o' the estates may be—but I believe it's about seventy-five thousand acres of land, besides the four lakes and the river.'

'Seventy-five—*thousand* did ye say?' exclaimed Jack, quite overcome by his good fortune; 'and I hope yer family's well, ma'am. How did ye lave all yer brothers and sisters?'

'I haena got ony brothers, and my sisters are pretty weel, I thank you.'

'An' I'm very glad to hear *that*. Do ye happen to know what my name is? I am John O'Farrel Esquire, of Ballynamora, in the county of Galway, of a very ancient family—and what do ye think of the name, ma'am?'

'Oo, it just seems a very pretty name'

'Do ye raelly think so? An' how would ye like to have it yourself?'

'I think it would just do as well as ony other.'

'Och then, my dear Miss M'Scrae, you're just the sort of cratur I wanted—I've a post chaise at the door.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, indeed, my charmer, and a pair of pistols in it too.'

'Indeed?' again replied the lady, looking very conscious all the time.

'Aye! and a sweetheart in this ball-room that will go off with me to Gretna Green this moment.'

'Dear me—and wha is the happy leddy?'

'An' who the divil should it be, but just yer own self, Miss Sibilla M'Scrae?'

'Me, sir!' said the lady, endeavouring to blush; 'are you serious? Ye should na trifle wi' a young lass's feelings.'

'The divil take all thrifles of the sort—I'm sarious, my darling, and I'll prove it—will ye go off with me this instant?'

'Had we no better wait till we've had the supper, sir? Ye know we've paid for't in the ticket.'

'Faith, an' there's some sinse in that; and will you be riddy the moment after?'

The lady blushed, and looked her consent, and Jack was in raptures all the time of supper, meditating on the four lakes and the river, and the seventy-five thousand acres of land. Supper at last was ended, and a new dance was formed. Jack, who had by no means neglected either the champaign or his partner, whispered into her ear, 'Are ye all riddy now, my sweet Sibilla? the horses must be tired waiting.'

'Weel, since ye insist upon't, I'm all ready enough—only my shawl is in the leddy's robing room.'

'Is it, faith?' said Jack; 'then I'll go for it this moment.' He was back with the speed of lightning, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and without attracting any observation, handed her down stairs into the post-chaise, jumped in after her, and rattled off as fast as the horses could gallop.

Soon after this the old sugar merchant and all his train prepared to take their departure. I waited to hand them to their carriage, but the little fat old woman, his wife, came rushing into the room, kicking up such a terrible dust—'Och!' cried she—'Oh dear! oh dear! Somebody has taken off my shawl—real Ingy—worth eighty guineas every shilling—there's a thief in the room!—only think!'

Every thing was thrown into the greatest confusion; some of the ladies fainted, and ye niver saw such an uproar in yer lives. At last it was discovered, when every lady had taken her own shawl, that the only one unclaimed was that which had been worn by Miss Sibilla M'Scrae. That lady herself was nowhere to be found; search was made for her every where in vain. The little old woman stormed as if she was practising for bedlam.

'This comes,' she cried, 'of having beggarly Scotch governesses that wear cotton shawls. I've suspected she would come to no good ever since she has been so intimate with the potticary's boy.'

'Potticary's boy!' thought I, 'faith, this is beyond a joke entirely—I must be after Jack;' so I slipt away from the confusion, got into a post-chaise and four, and set off in pursuit of O'Farrel, hoping to overtake him in time to save him from marrying an heiress without a penny, who wore nothing but cotton shawls.

In the meantime, information had been given that the lady was seen stepping into a post-chaise, accompanied by a tall man in a cloak, with very red whiskers—'Oh, pursue them! pursue them!' cried Mrs. Fusby—'the wretch has stolen my Ingy shawl, and gone off with the potticary's boy—I know him by the description—his hair is as red and coarse as unrefined at twopence a-pound.' Nothing would satisfy her rage but instantly giving chase. A magistrate was disturbed from his slumbers, an information of the robbery laid before him, and in a very short time a couple of constables were scouring down the road with a warrant to apprehend the suspected delinquents.

Here were we all tearing along—Jack and his lady—myself—and the two thief-takers,—never was there such a race in the memory of man. I found I was gaining on the lovers every stage, and when I got to a village on this side of Durham, I found I had overshot my mark, and actually got before them. I discovered there were two roads to the place, and that as it was the only point for miles and miles where they could change horses, they must come to it by the longer road, which it seemed they must have taken. Being quite satisfied with this, I ordered myself a comfortable breakfast, and patiently waited their arrival. I had laid an embargo on all the horses, so I was certain they could not get on without my knowledge. Just as I was sitting down to my stewed fowl and beef-steaks, I saw their carriage rattle up to the inn; and in a few minutes after, another chariot—postillions hot—horses all of a tremble—drove up furiously to the door. 'Who the devil can this be?' thought I, for ye see I knew nothing at all about the thief-takers—'Will this be another couple I wonder?' But when I saw two coarse, strong, blackguard looking fellows get out, I could not tell what to make of the whole business. Out of the first carriage came Jack in his plain clothes—for I forgot to tell ye he did not go to the ball in his uniform—looking very tired and sleepy—and handed out his huge raw-boned partner, whose beauty was by no means increased by her night's frolic. I did not exactly know how to proceed; so I sat down to my breakfast, and enjoying the thoughts of surprising Jack; and consulting with myself how to break the matter to him in the pleasantest manner. But my cogitations were broken off by hearing Jack, who was in the next room to me, only divided by a thin partition, saying, 'Well, gentlemen—the divil take howld of yer sowls—what do ye want with me?'

'Only a little private talk with you, sir—that's all,' said one of the men in return.

'Niver mind yer private talks—say your say, and be quick about it, or by the piper that'——

'Come, come, no nonsense, master,' said the man; 'you know well enough what we be come about, I daresay—did ye ever hear of one Mr. Fusby, sir?'

'Oho!' said Jack, 'so ye're come about that, are ye? An' ye'll stop us from goin' on to the end of our journey?'

'Yes—back you must go with us to York—them there is very serious charges'—

'Och, —— the charges—I'll pay all yer charges—ye may stop here and ate and drink like a couple of corporals—but this very day I'll find my way into Scotland.'

'We'll see about that,' replied the man, sulkily.—'We thought you might have been trusted without the irons, but the gentleman seems anxious for the fetters. Out with them, Tom'—to his companion.

'Fetters!' said Jack, 'to be sure I am anxious for the fetters; and the owld Blacksmith will fix them as tight as a Bishop.'

'Bishop's a rare good 'un, no doubt, sir,' said the man; 'but we can do that as well.'

'Do *that?* Do what, ye spalpeens?'

'Why, splice you and this here lady together, sir; she's an accomplice after the act.'

'After what act, ye brute baste? We're not married yet.'

'No, nor won't be this bout. Come, out with the darbies, Tom; we hain't time to be palavering here all day.'

'Hark ye, gintlemen,' said Jack, growing more and more enraged and astonished, 'this window is pretty high, thank God, and will break a gintleman's neck very prettily; so I advise ye to be off, and out of hearing, before I can crack this egg, or, by the poker, your wives may buy their mourning.'

'Come, come,' replied the man, no ways daunted, 'we must have no more of your blarney; we are up to all such tricks. You are suspected of stealing Mrs. Fusby's property.'

'Is it you they mane, my dear?' said Jack to the lady. 'Ye may go back my men, as fast as ye plase, and tell the little fat owld woman, the sugar-seller's wife, with my compliments, that Miss Sibilla M'Scrae, of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart, is not her property at all; and is very much obliged to her for her care, but will keep what she has got.'

'Will keep what she stole off with?'

'Just so,' said Jack, nodding his head.

'And do you confess,' continued the man, 'that she has got the article with her?'

'Ye may say so, when ye write home to your friends; and a very pretty article too, don't you think so, my dear?' said Jack, drawing himself up, and looking as pleased as Punch.

'And you won't give it up?' said the man.

'By no manes.'

'Then we must force you.'

'Och, must ye?' said Jack; 'and I'm particularly obliged to ye for yer kindness.'

I now heard a scuffle; and two heavy falls, rapidly succeeding each other, made me recognize Jack's one, two. In a moment I rushed into the room, nearly

killed with laughter at all the conversation, and there I found Jack, his nostrils widened with passion, and his whiskers redder than usual, standing over the two unfortunate strangers, who were groaning most piteously on the floor. The moment he saw me, he burst into one of his wildest shouts of joy.—'Och, only look here, O'Looney, my darlint, these two gintlemen with the bloody faces are friends of Mr. Fusby, and are sent off to stop our journey to Gretna Green.'

'And I am very glad to hear it, Jack,' said I.

'I call you to witness, sir,' said one of the men, getting up, and putting a handkerchief to his eye; 'we are deforced in the execution of our duty. I order you to assist us in the King's name.'

'Faith will I, willingly,' said I.

'Jack upon this was almost choked with passion. He stood and scowled at us all, and then folding his arms across his chest, asked, as quietly as he could —'An' tell me now, gintlemen, what it is ye really want?'

'We want possession of your body. This here is our authority,' said the constable.

'My body?—Ye hell-dog, are ye a set of doctors? and do ye think I'm a corpse?'

'No,' said the man, 'we don't take you for no such thing. It's likely you know more of doctors and corpses nor we do. Ain't you a pottercarrier's boy?'

'Pottercarrier! D'ye mane an apothecary? and do you take me for his boy? *me, me*, John O'Farrell, Esquire, that is so soon to be the proprietor of seventy five thousand acres of land, besides Lord knows how many lakes and rivers? Och, ye infernal scoundrels, I'll physic ye.'

'Saying this, he advanced to murder the two men, but I stopt him, and said, 'Listen to me, Jack; you shall not go to Gretna Green this time. She's nothing but a governess, that taches little girls to spell, and ate bread and butter without dirtying their fingers.'

'Who do ye mane, O'Looney?—Miss Sibilla M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart?'

'Yes, faith do I,' said I, 'and no other. Ask her.'

'Jack turned round to the lady, and said, 'Pray, madam, do ye tache little girls to ate bread and butter and spell without dirtying their fingers? Are ye not one of the heiresses of all the fine land and water you towld me off?' The lady, though I suppose she felt her position a little uncomfortable, was not very easily frightened, and brazened it as bold as a statue.

'To be sure,' she said, 'I'm governess to the wee children at Mr. Fusby's, and learn them hoo to speak English. Ye never askit me that. But I'm heiress, for a' that, to Glen Buckie and Ben Scart.'

'And what may the rent-roll be, madam?' said Jack, looking rather more peaceable.

'Oo, 'deed, the rent-roll's just nothing, for it's a' hill grund, excep' the moss.'

Jack made a low bow, took her by the hand, and led her to the policeman. 'Gintlemen,' he said, 'let me present you with the lady that has caused all this uproar, and Mrs. Fusby is quite welcome to her property again.'

'That won't do, sir,' said the man, who now began to recover his confidence. 'Here we are sent out after this lady and you, on suspicion of your having stolen a piece of goods.'

'And a pretty piece of goods she is,' said Jack, 'to talk to me of her seventy-five thousand acres of land! Take her, I say.'

'Yes, we'll take her into custody, and you too, in spite of her fine talking. 'She's thought to have stolen Mrs. Fusby's shawl last night in the ball-room; and by the description, that's it lying on the sofa.'

'Whew!' said Jack, who now discovered the mistake. 'Och, I see it all now—this bates Bannagher entirely. Why, ye villains, *I* took the shawl.'

'I call you to witness, sir, he confesses the robbery,' said the man, addressing himself to me.

'Keep the tongue in your head, ye rapscallion!' continued Jack. 'How the divil should I know whose shawl it was? I took the first that came. I tell ye, that on the word of a gintleman and an officer'——

'O, sir,' said the man, 'we are all officers here—police-officer, or medical-officer, it's all the same I reckon.'

I now saw the whole business, and was like to die with laughing at the man continuing to believe Jack the apothecary's apprentice. However, I undertook to be answerable for Jack's appearance, and he and I returned in one chaise to York. The matter was easily explained to Mrs. Fusby, and even Miss Sibilla was forgiven. I'm not quite sure what became of her afterwards; but I suppose she eloped with somebody else, for the example of our regiment made a flyaway match indispensable among all ranks of the people. I won my wager off Jack, who told me, that all the way down he had been thinking, that if he made all possible allowances for the number of her sisters—saying even she had seventy-four of them—he would still step into possession of a snug little farm of a thousand acres, besides his share of the four lakes and the river. Now, wasn't that a narrow escape from the blacksmith?'

'Yes—and now, Colonel,' said we all in a breath, 'tell us your own adventure?'

Colonel O'Looney sighed, and shook his head,—'No, no, my lads, no more stories to-night—I'll keep mine for some other occasion.'"

RUSH'S ENGLAND.

We subjoin two additional extracts.

A DIPLOMATIC DINNER.

January 20, 1818. Dined at Lord Castlereagh's. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Melville, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Wellesley Pole, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Burghersh, the Ambassador of France and his Marchioness, the Austrian Ambassador, the Portuguese Ambassador and his Countess, the Minister Plenipotentiary from Bavaria, the Marquis Grimaldi of Sardinia, and a few others. Of the foregoing, some were strangers, to whom, as to myself, it was a first dinner.

The invitation was for seven o'clock. Our names were announced by servants in the hall, and on the landings. The company had chiefly assembled when we arrived. All were in full black, under the Court mourning for the Princess Charlotte. I am wrong—one lady was in white satin! It would have been painfully embarrassing, but that her union of ease and dignity enabled her, after the first suffusion, to turn her misfortune into a grace. Salutations were in subdued tones, but cordial, and the hand given. Introductions took place at convenient moments. Before eight, dinner was announced. The dining-room was on the floor with the drawing rooms. As we entered it through a door-way surrounded by a hanging curtain that drew aside, the effect was beautiful. A profusion of light fell upon the cloth, and as every thing else was of silver, the dishes covered, and wines hidden in ranges of silver coolers, the whole had an aspect of pure white. Lord Castlereagh sat at the head. On his right was the lady of the French Ambassador, with whom, in going in, he had led the way. Lady Castlereagh was on the side, half way down.—On her left, was the Duke of Wellington, with whom she came in. Between the Duke and the Earl of Westmoreland, was my wife, who came in upon the arm of the latter. Opposite was the lady of the Portuguese Ambassador. She entered with the French Ambassador, and sat next to him. I was between Lord Melville and Mulgrave. The former gratified me by the manner in which he spoke of the United States; the latter by what he said of President Monroe, who was Minister in England when he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had ever found him, he said, conciliatory in business, while steadfast in his duty. Being near to these two noblemen in coming in, I paused to give place, having understood that Cabinet Ministers preceded Ministers Plenipotentiary on these occasions; but they declined it, and I went first; Lord Melville remarking, 'We are at home.' There were twelve servants; the superior ones not in livery.

The general topics related to France, and French society. The foreigners spoke English; nevertheless the conversation was nearly all in French. This was not only the case when the English addressed the foreigners but in speaking to each other. Before dinner, I had observed in the drawing-room, books lying about. As many as I glanced at were French. I thought of the days of Charles the Second when the taste of the English all ran upon the models of France. Here, at the house of an English Minister of State, French literature, the French language, French topics were all about me; I add, French *entrees*, French wines! I was unwilling to believe that the parallel to the days of Charles the Second held throughout. By my longer residence in England I discovered that the enlightened classes were more ready to copy from the French what they thought good, than the same classes in France to copy from England. As regards language, the difference is striking. There is scarcely a well educated person in England who does not speak French, whilst thousands among the best educated in France are ignorant of English. In the competition between these great nations, this gives England an advantage. It is no answer that French is the language of intercourse in Europe: the Frenchman may repose upon this, for not acquiring the English; but it cannot take from Englishmen the advantage of being at home in both tongues. Equally have the English the advantage in travel. They go in great numbers to France; while few of the French, comparatively speaking, visit England.

DIPLOMATIC SECRETS.

April 21. Count —— called on me. He had requested an interview. After introductory words, he asked if I was aware that the English Government watched foreign ministers. I asked how? He said, by having persons in its service. Watched them in what ways? In all ways; was I sure of my servants? did I lock up my manuscripts? did I send my letters through the post office? I said yes, to the two last. As to my servants, I hired them, as others did, after learning their characters. Was I sure they were not in secret pay? Not sure, I said; did he know it? Not positively; he could bring no proof; it was a business that kept proof out of sight. Had he heard any thing? I asked. No, but he had been long in London, and heard much on this subject; the Government with an outside of candour, knew how to work under ground; it thence became an adept in intrigue by lulling suspicion. But would he let me into the grounds of his suspicion in my case? what whispers were there? History enlightened us much, he said;—did not Walpole expend a million in secret-service money—had the English Government so changed since, as to be above all similar practices?

I replied that little would be gained by watching me. My Government was not one of mystery; those in its service had to act and write under the responsibility of publication at home; their secrets would thus come back to England more fully than servants, or the post-office, could detail them. Nevertheless, he rejoined, the American and Russian legations were the two most watched; he believed so, and desired to render me a service by putting me on my guard. I thanked him, but said I was slow to believe. The English Government had its faults, but not of that kind. Why not? Because it was against the genius of the Government and People; they openly debated all that they did, and printed all that they said; twenty folios would scarcely hold the mattter annually sent forth by Parliament about their finances, trade, foreign relations, army, navy, every thing: into their public offices any one might go; into their barracks, arsenals, or any other depot. Their press was every where, ferreting out every thing. But what did all that prove? Nothing, I said, if he had special facts to make good his suspicion; but, in the absence of them, it led me towards the conclusion, that a nation so devoid of concealment in its own affairs, would be little inclined to bribe the servants of a foreign minister. What then had Walpole done with his million sterling? That was more than I could say; every Government, however open, had a secret fund; the Government of the United States had; some of Walpole's went to pay newspapers, we were told, which would be foolish in these days, if not in his.

I do not know that I changed the opinions of my visitant. He spoke on other subjects and left me, after having staid an hour.

MODES AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF DYING.

Our extracts are from an article in the London Quarterly founded on Sir H. Halford's Essays and Orations before the Royal College of Physicians. They are spoken of in terms of high praise.

"Sir Henry's remarks on the phenomena of the death-bed will be read with particular interest:—Whatever be the causes of dissolution, whether sudden violence, or lingering malady, the immediate modes by which death is brought about appear to be but two. In the one, the nervous system is primarily attacked, and there is a sinking, sometimes an instantaneous extinction, of the powers of life; in the other, dissolution is effected by the circulation of black venous blood in the arteries of the body, instead of the red arterial blood. The former is termed death by syncope, or fainting,—the latter, death by asphyxia. In the last-mentioned manner of death, when it is the result of disease, the struggle is long protracted, and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scene of life,—the pinched and pallid features, the cold clammy skin, the upturned eye, and the heaving, laborious rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time; some may be said to survive others; and the lungs are among the last to give up the performance of their function and die. As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid, which naturally lubricates their surfaces; the atmosphere can now no longer come into contact with the minute blood-vessels spread over the air-cells, without first permeating this viscid fluid,—hence the rattle; nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life: the peasant 'dabbles o' green fields,' and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath '*tete d'armee*.'

The contrast between the state of the body and that of the mind is often very striking; the struggles of the former are no measure of the emotions of the latter. Indeed, the laborious and convulsive heavings of the chest are wholly automatic, independent of the will,—a part of the mechanism of the body, contrived for its safety, which continues to act when the mind is unconscious of the sufferings of the frame, or is occupied by soothing illusions. No one has described this better than Abernethy.

'Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind,—it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which is often the "last stage of all that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him, but he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing. I have roused him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye; nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another; I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams,—people whom he remembered *lang syne*, his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then,—"That's a good one; well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of nature's operations that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote.'

Occasionally the last dreams of existence are of a more painful nature;—guilt is delirious with dread, —remorse peoples the fancy with terrific visions—but even these are chequered with scenes of a tranquil, not to say trivial character. The death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, terribly true, is rare; the mixed feelings and shadowings of past life, exhibited in that of Falstaff, are much more frequent.

The second mode of dissolution is marked by the absence of all corporeal struggle. The mind is left free and unclouded to the very verge of the grave, save by the influence which the particular malady itself exercises on the current of ideas and feelings. The sufferings of the patient are incidental to the progress of the disease; but the 'end of all' is placid, painless, and generally sudden. Death, in these cases, attacks the sentient principle, through the nervous system, as it were, directly. It surprises the sufferer sometimes when sighing for the consummation of life, but believing the term yet distant; sometimes in the midst of plans and schemes which are destined never to be realized. In consumption, and, in general, in diseases which are slow in their progress, their sudden termination of life is as common as that more protracted form, already noticed. It is best exemplified by death produced by lightning, in which the visible alterations in the frame afford a striking contrast to the ordinary ravages of what is termed disease. The machinery of the body appears nearly perfect, and unscathed, and yet in none of the multitudinous forms of death is the living principle so summarily annihilated. Certain poisons appear to act in a similar manner; and, occasionally, the more important operations of surgery are followed by the like result; for which the genius of John Hunter could find no better explanation than the figurative hypothesis, that the *vis medicatrix*, conscious that the injury is irreparable, gives up the contest in despair.

Severe injuries inflicted on the great centres of the nervous system, the brain, spine, and stomach, are followed by instantaneous death: of which, pithing or wounding the uppermost part of the spinal-marrow of the bull, in the arena, and the *coup de grace*, or blow on the stomach of the criminal, whose limbs have been preciously broken on the wheel, are well-known examples. Emotions of the mind, especially such as, by their depressing character, exhaust the energies of life, often terminate in this mode of death. The slightest causes, a mere fainting fit, trivial in every other state of the frame, in this may be fatal. It is the euthanasia of a healthy old age, and the termination assigned by nature to a life in which the passions have been controlled and the energies regulated by the authority of reason and a sense of duty.

Whether we look at the one mode of dissolution or the other, the sting of death is certainly not contained in the physical act of dying. Sir Henry Halford, after forty-years' experience, says—

'Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs."

ACCUMULATION OF PROPERTY.—A correspondent of the London Times thus notices the present condition of the Thellusson estate. The results have been quite unexpected.

"When the late Mr. Thellusson died, in the year 1797, his property produced an annual income of £20,000 a year. By his will his property was directed to be accumulated in the way of compound interest during the lives of all his descendants living at his death, or born within nine months afterwards. A main argument against the validity of the trusts was, that from the ordinary duration of human life when the accumulation ceased the fund would amount to £70,000,000, and that, if the whole centered in a minor, he would by the time he attained his full age possess a revenue exceeding the Civil List, and he would be able by the mere force of wealth to derange the civil policy of the country. These were magnificent dreams, but the waking reality has proved somewhat different; and, so far as the ultimate issue can now be guessed at, there seems no ground for the alarm above suggested. No descendant of Mr. Thellusson will be richer than the King. In one word, the gross annual proceeds in the year 1801 exceeded £20,000, as above stated, and the gross proceeds in the year 1831, after thirty years' accumulation in the way of compound interest, amounted to £22,000 and a fraction. The net sum paid into the accumulating fund in the year 1828 was £16,000 and fraction; in the year 1829 it was reduced to £12,000, and the addition made to the accumulated fund in the year 1830 had shrunk to £10,540. The error of this testator was, that he considered enormous wealth as a positive good, without reference to its enjoyment; and the fruit of his care and pains has been to occasion a waste of property altogether unexampled in the affairs of an individual. His fortune is still completely locked up, and the accumulation is proceeding at the steady pace above noticed, while his descendants are struggling with all the hardships which attend narrow circumstances. It is well known that the fortune of the present Lord Rendlesham (the son of the testator's eldest son) is perhaps not more than sufficient for a private gentleman and totally inadequate to the support of his rank. His brothers are still more slenderly provided for, while some of the descendants of another

son are actually suffering all the miseries of destitution."

CONCLUSION OF THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.—To finish the narrative after the manner in which it was begun, we now give place to the manuscript prepared for last week; with the additions necessary to its completion.

In continuation of his journey, the President passed through Lynn and Marblehead, in the midst of similar attentions and display with those that had been witnessed in other parts of his tour. Before reaching Salem, he passed seven decorated arches, to which were affixed various complimentary and patriotic mottoes. In each of the towns he was unable to receive all the manifestations of popular regard which were awaiting him, owing to the feebleness of his health. On Tuesday morning, finding himself better, he made an early excursion through Salem, visited some of its curiosities, and proceeded to Lowell. On his way he partook of a collation at Andover, and visited the Academy, and the Theological Institution. He reached Lowell at half past two, and the event was proclaimed by military salutes and the ringing of bells. Riding in an open barouche, with the Vice President they passed, with their escort, under two triumphal arches, bearing appropriate inscriptions, among which were "New Orleans, Jan. 8th, 1815," and "Proclamation, Dec. 10th, 1832," and alighted at the Merrimack House, whence he returned the salutions of the procession. After the selectmen, and other citizens on horseback, came the children of the schools, 500 or 600 in number, bearing banners with appropriate devices, and the words "Free Institutions."

These were followed by the females employed in the Factories, making an exhibition not less agreeable, than new and imposing. "The number of girls present was between 2000 and 3000. They were divided into companies, and were preceded by banners designating to what Factory they belonged. They were all neatly dressed in white, with girdles of colored ribands. They wore no bonnets, but were protected from the sun by parasols. Some of the companies were adorned with lace caps. The President expressed his unqualified delight at their appearance." They marched four abreast, and were half an hour in passing. After partaking of refreshments, the President, with his suite, visited the Mills of the Merrimack Company, the oldest establishment, and witnessed some of the operations. One incident occurred as the President was entering Lowell which deserves commemoration. An aged man was discovered approaching the carriage, and when one of the Marshals would have stopped his progress, he said, "I fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and have come thirty miles to see General Jackson, and I must shake hands with him before I go away." It is needless to say he enjoyed the pleasure, in which the President, perhaps, was an equal sharer.

At six o'clock on Friday the President took his departure for New Hampshire. The only incident we find noted, on his way to Concord, is that the horses of his carriage took fright, and ran away, but, from the skill of the coachman, they were at length quieted without any accident. The President reached Concord at 3 P. M. and was received as on other similar occasions. He retired at an early hour. The Vice President and Secretaries spent the evening with Mr. Hill, of the U. S. Senate. At ten the next morning having received the military, the President met both branches of the Legislature at the State House, and was officially addressed by the Governor.

At this place, the tour was suddenly terminated; the President having at this point, owing to the feebleness of his health, decided to relinquish the further prosecution of his journey. He therefore, on Monday, set out on his return, and proceeded directly and without delay, to the seat of Government. The Globe thus speaks of his return—"The President left Concord, for Washington, on Monday, the 1st inst. after breakfast, and reached this city at 10 o'clock this morning, accomplishing a journey of 474 miles in three days. His strength has recruited considerably since he commenced his return. The ordinary fatigue of a journey in the stages, relieved by the repose obtained in the steamboats and rail-road cars, was found light in comparison with the personal exertion necessary to sustain him throughout a succession of days, in exchanging salutations and greetings with the immense number of his fellow citizens who thronged to meet him. He would have found it impossible to have borne up so long under the fatigue, but for the inspiring animation imparted by the enthusiastic kindness of his countrymen."

Marine curiosities.—According to the Boston Gazette, the captain of the steamboat Connecticut on his way to Portland a few days since, about 4 miles from Nahant, "saw *three Sea Serpents* one of which was about 100 feet long and the others between sixty and seventy. On her passage down, on Friday evening, he and his passengers saw the serpent spoken of in another paragraph in this paper, from the Transcript. Captain P. until within a few days, has been an unbeliever in the existence of sea serpents; his description of the monsters he saw, agrees in the main with those which have been heretofore given to the public. Several other persons have lately enjoyed the unusual spectacle.

The Savannah Georgian relates that a *Saw Fish* measuring more than 12 feet in length, of which the "saw" was more than 3, was caught a few days since near Tybee light.

Seamanship.—Mr. John H. Smith, the son of a wealthy farmer in Pa. who "follows the seas" for the gratification of his humour, was 2d mate of the Splendid when she lately fell in with the Sarah Sheale, bound for Liverpool from Mobile, but in distress; having lost her captain, supercargo and four men by cholera. It being considered desirable to send the vessel into port, Mr. Smith volunteered the unwelcome office of taking her in charge, and having successfully accomplished his undertaking, several of the Insurance offices have united in presenting him a beautiful and expensive chronometer, as a mark of their appreciation of his conduct.

It is announced that Messrs. *Robert Dale Owen*, and Mr. D'Arusmont, known by the celebrity of his wife, formerly *Frances Wright* have, with the wife and two or three sisters of Mr. O., arrived in this city from Europe, and will proceed to New Harmony where Mr. O. expects to reside. *Mrs.* D'A. was detained in Europe by the sickness of her child; but expects to follow her husband.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 8th, Mr James M Muldon, of Mobile, to Miss Ellen, eldest daughter of Mr Andrew Fallon.

On the 10th, Mr John F Messinger, to Miss Christina, daughter of Henry Eagle, Esq.

On the 10th, Mr John Van Wagenen, of Newark, to Miss Clara, daughter of the late Mr Henry L Kip, of this city.

On the 9th, Mr Abednego Adams, to Miss S Borland.

On the 9th, Mr Thomas Widger, to Miss Ann Lock.

On the 9th, Mr Patrick Mills, to Miss Bridget Nesbit.

On the 12th, Mr James P Burr, to Miss Henrietta, daughter of Mr Jeremiah Gray.

On the 11th, Mr Peter McLaughlin, (of the firm of McLaughlin & Meighan) to Miss Sarah Armitt Warner.

On the 8th, Mr Charles R Surre, to Miss Sarah Ann Smith, of Newark.

On the 11th, Mr Duncan McMartin, to Miss Adeline Fisk.

At Yonkers, on the 9th, Mr John Bellamy, merchant tailor, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Mr Salmon Morton—all of this city.

At Trion, on the 9th, Mr John G Goodell, of the former place, to Miss Hannah W Williams, of this city.

DIED,

In this city, on the 9th, Mr Alexander Diver, aged 13.

On the 9th, Mr Lorenzo, son of Captain Mills, aged 24.

On the 10th, Mr Thomas W Steele, aged 29.

On the 10th, Mr Henry Bierfield, aged 70.

On the 11th, Mrs Azalia Hill, aged 36.

On the 11th, Mr Wm H Van Vice, aged 28.

On the 11th, Mrs Georgiana, wife of Mr Jefferson B Nones, aged 19.

On the 13th, Mr Seth Smith Barnes, aged 34.

On the 15th, Mr Gerard Beekman, aged 59.

On the 14th, Mrs Mary, wife of Mr John Mitchell, late of Newburgh.

On the 13th, Mr James Gilmore, merchant, aged 30.

At Hempstead, on the 1st, Isabella G Winting, ag. 19, daughter of Mr Samuel Winting, of this city.

At the Narrows, L.I., on the 12th, Mrs Jane, relict of the late Mr Hugh Smith, merchant of this city, aged 72.

At Auburn, on the 11th, Mrs Margaret, wife of Henry S Richards, Esq., of this city, aged 26.

FOR COLOURING AND PRESERVING THE HUMAN HAIR.—This invaluable compound is a recent discovery, and prepared from the fruit of an East India plant entirely from the vegetable kingdom, and perfectly harmless. By following the accompanying directions, the Hair or Whiskers that are gray, red, or grizzly, may be changed in the short space of six hours into a beautiful brown or black colour, of a durable and lasting tint. While it produces this indelible colour on the hair, it leaves the skin perfectly white and unspotted. Persons whose hair grows fast, will require the application of this Extract about four times a year.

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GERMAN NEW SILVER.—Just received, a small invoice of German New Silver, in Tea and Soup Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Sugar-Tongs, Candlesticks, &c.—in bars, plate, wrought, &c. &c. The lustre and brilliancy of the colour is even far superior to Silver, and the virtue of not tarnishing can be proved by its having crossed the ocean, and not changed in the slightest degree.

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Next Wednesday, July 24, will be drawn in this city extra Class 21. Scheme—1 Prize of $20,000, 1 of 5,000, 1 of 2,652, 2 of 1,500, 15 of 1,000, 100 of 500, &c. Tickets only $6, shares in proportion. This is a lovely scheme for Packages, as three numbers MUST draw $500, and MAY draw $1000. A package of Whole Tickets cost $132, and warranted to draw $50,50. A certificate of a package for $81,00.

Tickets and shares for sale, in every variety and number, at BREES' Lottery and Exchange Office, 217 Broadway, (corner of Vesey st) first door north of St Paul's Church.

On Wednesday, July 31, will be drawn in this city, Class No. 10. Scheme—4 Prizes of $10,000, 1 of 2,260, 10 of 1,000, &c. Tickets only $5, shares in proportion.

☞ For CAPITALS in the above handsome schemes, please address all orders, by mail or private conveyance, to H. G. BREES, 217 Broadway, N.Y.

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NOTICE.

TO discharge from Debt, pursuant to the Revised Statutes, part second, Chap. V. Title I, Art. 3; relating to voluntary assignments, made pursuant to the application of an Insolvent and his Creditors.

James Hay, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroem, and also as one of the late firm of Hay & Henderson, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Charles Loewenstroem, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroem, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. [June 29 c10:

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PROSPECTUS.

THE very general approval bestowed by the public on the "*Select Circulating Library,*" has induced the subscriber, at the suggestion of numerous ladies and gentlemen, to publish a periodical in the French language on a similar plan.

The French tongue has become an indispensably requisite in a general education, and is the most practicable model of any language beyond the vernacular. Above all others, it may be called the language of nations—spoken and read by the literary and the educated in every country, and forming the general medium of intercourse between travellers throughout the civilized world.

In promoting the study of this language in this country, there has hitherto been a serious deederatum. When the student gets through his elementary books, he wants something piquant to stimulate his onward progress; of this he has hitherto been deprived, and, in consequence, his previous studies have been rendered in a great measure nugatory. The object of this publication is to fill this void, and disseminate, in a cheap and respectable form, the polite literature of the Parisian press. The republication in this mode will in a short time furnish a collection of works, valuable for present use and future reference, and adapted alike to the wants of the tyro and the taste of the adept in the language, at a rate far below the cheapest bookseller's price.

The editorial department will be under the control of gentlemen familiarly conversant with French literature, and who will exercise the most critical judgment in the selection of books.

Each number will be stitched in a handsome cover.

It is intended to bring out the first number in the course of the present month (July) or the beginning of August.

TERMS.—*La Bibliotheque Francaise* will be published semi-monthly, making twenty-six livraisons every year, each livraison to contain sixteen pages material octavo—two columns on a page. The price will be Five Dollars a year, payable in advance; or Six Dollars at the end of the year. Remittances of five dollars or upwards may be sent at the expense of the proprietor, if made in bank notes at par in Philadelphia.

ADAM WALDIE,
Office of the Select Circulating Library,
No. 6 North Eighth street, Philad'a.

PROSPECTUS.—L'accueil general qu'a reçu la Bibliotheque Anglaise, la "*Select Circulating Library,*" et le desir qu'on a exprime de voir ici un Journal Francais sur le meme plan, ont engagé le proprietaire à entreprendre la publication d'une Bibliotheque Francaise.

La langue Francaise est aujourd'hui une branche essentielle de toute education liberale, et, apres celle de notre pays, la plus utile dans le commerce de la vie. On pourrait à juste titre appeler le Francais la langue commune des nations, car on la lit, on la parle partout, et elle sert en quelque sorte d'interprete aux voyageurs dans toutes les parties du monde civilisé.

Il manque depuis long-tems en Amerique aux etudians Francais, des publications neuves et piquantes, qui puissent leur rendre interessante la pratique de cette langue apres en avoir appris les elemens; d'où il resulte que tres souvent l'eleve ne recueille aucun fruit de ses premieres etudes. L'objet de la Bibliotheque Francaise est de remplir ce vide, et de repandre à peu de frais et dans un format convenable les meilleurs morceaux de litterature publies a Paris. Ce mode de re-impression fournira en peu de tems une collection d'ouvrages interessans egalement pour l'etudiant et pour le amateur, à un prix de beaucoup au dessous de celui des libraires.

La partie editoriale sera confie a des litterateurs Francais, qui apporteront le plus grand soin dans le choix des livres.

Le format, les caractores, et le papier seront les memes que ceux du prospectus, et une jolie couverture sera attachee a chaque Numero.

Le premier numero paraitra vers la fin du Juillet, ou au commencement d'Aout.

CONDITIONS.—"La Bibliotheque Francaise" paraitra tous les quinze jours, formant 26 livraisons par an. Chaque livraison contiendra 16 pages grand octavo—divisees en deux colonnes. Prix Cinq Dollars, payable d'avance. Des remises de 5 dollars et d'une plus forte somme, faites en billets de banque ayant cours a Philadelphie, peuvent etre envoyees aux frais du proprietaire.

ADAM WALDIE,
Au Bureau de la Bibliotheque Francaise,
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For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-eotm.

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The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

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